National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, EDITOR. WITHOUT CONCEALMENT....WITHOUT COMPROMISE. EDMUND QUINCY, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

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Pro-Slavery.

THE YALE COLLEGE AFFAIR.

[From the (Augusta, Ga.) Constitutionalist.]

In justice to Yale College and its Faculty, and also to those of the Southern students there, who indorse the views of a "Southerner" (a member of the Junior Class, from Mississippi), we publish his reply to Mr. Hamilton. There is a large allowance of liberality in the sentiments of this young Mississippian, in reference to Northern opinions on Slavery and their modes of expressing them.

If all Southern students in Northern Colleges viewed the matter as philosophically, there would be few angry collisions in these institutions growing out of this vexed question. But we cannot give credit to Northern students and Professors for quite as much philosophy and forbearance, and we are inclined to believe their Anti-Slavery prejudices would not be the less noisy or intrusive by reason of the resigned spirit with which Southern students listened to them.

The state of things prevailing at Yale has made the same impressions on other Southern men that it has on Mr. Hamilton, albeit some of the facts put forth by him are controverted. In proof of this, we quote the following editorial from the Macon *Journal and Messenger*:

Abolitionism in Yale College.—We have known, from our own personal experience, that Yale College has been for many years the hot-bed of Abolitionism, and that influences were exerted upon its Students which tended to create among them a public sentiment hostile to the South, and to its institution of domestic Slavery. There are not among the followers of Garrison, Fred. Douglass and Harriet Beecher Stowe, fanatics upon the subject of Slavery more unreasonable, more ignorant, more uncompromising, and more insulting, than that class of Northern Students in Yale College who, on account of their natural dullness, and consequent dogmatism, are destined, by their parents, *for the profession of Divinity*, as young men are educated at the South for Civil Engineers, Physicians and Lawyers. Their Academic career is a novitiate for the priest-craft, which overrides and controls a large portion of "the strong-minded women" and weak-minded men of New England, and dosing, drowning, and purring through it, their whole deportment towards Southern students, is a practical and systematic assertion of their superiority. To the sneers of these men, and to their strictures upon the South, are Southern youths in Yale College continually exposed.

A College course in England, or on the continent, is quite as cheap and as profitable as at Yale or Cambridge. Brown University, in Rhode Island, was injured many years ago by the published opinions of its President upon the subject of Slavery. Did he ever utter anything half so objectionable as that which is attributed to President Wollsey and to Professor Thatcher, in the extracts from the letter of Mr. Hamilton, for writing which he has been refused a diploma from Yale.

We are glad to know that there is piety and philanthropy at the North, and among the students of Yale, which is enlightened, and which is without any of the cant of religion, and that there are always Northern men among its students who are fine illustrations of everything noble and generous. But public opinion in Connecticut, in New Haven, in the Faculty of Yale, and among its students, is opposed to the South and to her institution of Slavery, and the liberal patronage which Georgia has given her, should be transferred to our own or to European Colleges.

To the Editors of the New Haven Palladium.

Yale College, Feb. 24th, 1853.

Our little college world has been somewhat agitated for a few days past by the appearance in the *Register* of an article on the "Abolition feeling" of the North—purporting to emanate from the pen of a Southern Yalensian. The remarks from the same source, in the *Register* of the 3d instant, were certainly not inapplicable or inappropriate to the present state of Northern feeling and policy towards their Southern brethren. That there does not exist at the North a mistaken view of Southern life—that Mrs. Stowe's popular work has contributed to this error, and has widened to a frightful extent the breach between the two extremities of this Union—no one of sense and reflection can have failed to observe. Nor can any one deny that she has more firmly rivetted the handcuffs of "Uncle Tom." She has, indeed, effected, in this country and throughout the civilized world, the spread of a *romantic sentiment* of freedom. She has created in the minds of millions, visions of many little Evas, acting out, in Utopia, the part of that philanthropic and lovely child of fiction. Yet do the children of Ham with their "soft and dark black eyes" dot the cotton fields of the South, and will continue to do so, until God, in his own good time, sees fit to dispose of them otherwise. But it is not to speak of Abolition fanatics and Abolition books that I have thus presumed to address you.

In the *Register* of the 24th instant there appears an article to which we wish to call your attention.

It is not our intention to speak of the political portion of that article, for in its general tenour we agree with its author, but there is something *local* in a part of that article which interests every *Southerner in a Northern Institution*.

The following reasons have induced us to reply to the remarks with reference to the political feeling of Yale College:

1st. The appearance of the article in public print entitles it, or at least exposes it, to a reply, and *we* are not endorsers of the view referred to.

2ndly. If that article reaches Southern parents—as it is avowedly intended to do—unless answered it may be justly construed into an *unanimous* Southern acquiescence in the complaints therein made.

3dly. We do not regard the object of the article as justified by the facts enumerated to support it. It is not our business to defend the Faculty of Yale College from the influence of any publication to their detriment. It is presumed that the dignity of the Faculty, their known and reputed wisdom, the very places they occupy, are sufficient responses to any objections, collegiate, moral, or political, which the alumni and under-graduates of the College may adduce.

We have no accusations of ingratitude or impropriety to urge against the gentleman's views—for as to the former, *he* knows better whether he should be grateful to this institution or not, and as to the latter, we are not competent to instruct a person so well informed. But, I too, sir, am a Southerner, and have a right to express my views on this same subject. If State lines and degrees of latitude make the *kind* of men, I am geographically more Southern than the gentleman himself. Indeed my *poor* sense of duty and propriety has urged *me* too to make public the state of things existing at Yale College.

I am one of those *unfortunate* Southerners—yet connected with the institution—yet *drawing from her wells* of wisdom, I hope, a daily portion. If I acquiesce in the gentleman's views, I present to my Southern friends and to my associates at the North a singular instance of *consistency* and manliness. We *publicly* acquiesce in the condemnation of the political views of the institution, and yet are not *ashamed* to be seen still clinging to the advantages which it affords! Great independence! great *chivalry* this! The gentleman has the advantage of some of us in having taken out an honourable dismission from these *obnoxious* influences; and I think he has shown himself honourable and consistent in so doing, considering the views which he adopts. But if there are any who endorse his views and *still* enjoy the advantages of the institution, I must say they exhibit a singular instance of moral heroism, in enduring for the *sake of the College* what they deem political oppression.

We will now notice a few of the facts which the gentleman has arrayed before us to prove what Yale College has never claimed, viz.: strict nationality. He seems surprised "that reports from several of the most prominent Colleges and Universities of New England have been published, purporting to give expression upon the Fugitive Slave Law, and are invariably opposed to it." The gentleman certainly knows that the faculties of New England Colleges are almost without exception made up of New England Clergy—that the clergy give tone to the popular views—moral, and to a great extent political—in New England. Is it strange or worthy of complaint, therefore, because New England has looked for a decision with regard to this law, also, to her clergy and best informed men? They may be wrong in *mooting* a point settled by the Constitution and Supreme Court of the United States; but if they are advocates of a "higher law," we have but one redress, and that is beyond any provisions in the Constitution.

The gentleman must remember, too, that New England has youth of her own to educate at this institution. Their political views are as important as ours. From whom does New England expect the views of her sons to be moulded if not from the *educated* men of New England? This, then, is not and does not profess to be strictly a national institution. The idea of her nationality has arisen from the *nationality* of her *reputation*, rather than any nationality of *design*. It is no more her interest than her generosity that has opened her doors to Southern students.

It is to her *courtesy* that we have heard therefore so little Anti-Slavery sentiment, rather than to an acquiescence in our views, that we are indebted. It is to her *courtesy* only, that we may look for equal respect *in future*. How do we know but the wisdom and consciences (erroneous, perhaps, in our view) of her governors have impelled them to express themselves *now* more freely upon the subject of Slavery? They may feel such obligations to New England youth, as to call for such free expression. All these views are obnoxious to us. But what is the remedy? Must we, a little pilgrim band of Southerners in search of knowledge, expect the courtesy of Yale College to muzzle the expression of opinion, upon questions upon which they have as much right to be earnest and fanatical as ourselves. The whole matter lies here. We knew before we left the South that we were coming to a Northern institution, an institution, which, if it does not oppose Slavery, *certainly cannot approve* of it. Our well-read parents knew this. Now in the course of our education here, we have exercises in "dispute-writing." Who selects the subjects? *We do.* Suppose a *sectional* question chosen, as is frequently the case, and *and nearly always with our approbation.* Well, we read before a Professor or the President. It is his duty to decide; we *have forced* him to decide upon a sectional question. He must give *his* arguments, he is *a free man.* Have we all so suddenly forgotten *where* we are mooting such a question? If we are not too sensitive to debate a sectional question with Northern men, ought we to be too sensive to hear a Northern decision? Does *courtesy* retard the expression of pro-slavery sentiments in our Southern States? If Yale College was in South Carolina, and Northerners were there represented, would a decision upon a sectional question be withheld on these grounds? I think not. The gentleman has also been hasty in the sentence pronounced upon the President and Law Professor, who, he says, selected as a question for the prize debate in the Society of "Brothers in Unity"—"Ought not the Fugitive Slave Law to be obeyed?" The questions were chosen from the whole number of questions debated for the last two terms—the one referred to was political, and therefore more interesting, in addition to the field for originality which it offered. Abstract questions seem to have been avoided in all the selections made. Certainly, no one is in earnest who would accuse a man of age and sense of carrying attachment to a political dogma so ridiculously far as to force its discussion upon a few Juniors; and if he did, the result must have sadly disappointed him, for *three out of the eighteen disputants supported the affirmative.* Surely, here is a most law-disobeying faction!

I may even add—that at least two of the three who supported the negative, did so avowedly with the purpose of striking the judges with their oddity if they could not with their arguments.

Yale College, then, in our view, is not a national institution; its views are restricted; courtesy can be the only barrier to a public and indiscriminate avowal of these views. The Southerner naturally inquires in what attitude does Yale College stand to the South? We conceive this to be her position. Here is one of the first institutions of learning in the land—her faculty are northern men—northern in education and principle—they have political views of their own—the country knows them or can know them, if they apply for such knowledge. Southerners, if you come here, you come wittingly; human nature is the same here as elsewhere; if you come here and draw forth our political views, you shall have them; if not, we will not intrude them upon you; if you are influenced (*and we hope you will be*) and shaken in your Southern doctrines, you are thus affected with your eyes open. If you don't like our doctrines, you can get an honourable dismission from our teachings; we are not dependent on you, we must have our inalienable rights of free thought and free speech, even if we have to sacrifice your small patronage.

These things are so. This is a Northern institution, and Southern parents, *sensible* men, send their sons here as *pupils* in the Academic department, not as politicians. Our very presence in New England is "*prima facie*" evidence that we are not afraid of Anti-Slavery arguments and influences, or have consented to *run such a risk* for the sake of education.

I will notice briefly the dissolution of Calliope, or the Southern Society, in consequence of which dissolution "we have been thrown out to fight our way in weekly broils, or submissively listen to the most hostile denunciations against the institutions under which we were born." We might as well be candid about this society. The fact of the business, sir, is, the society had no reason for existence. All our sectional feeling was in *form* rather than in *reality.* Like all objectless fabrics should do, she has finally done honour to herself by frankly, and in a Southern manner, *acknowledging* that she could not *stand.* In fact, "sections" flourished more within than without the hall; there was once the "*accursed Mississippi faction*" and that "*Missouri faction*," &c. "Our mutual friendship," sir, was too often of a *peculiar* kind, so much so that reminiscences of the fate of Calliope always suggested to my mind the fate of the Kilkenny cats. Since her dissolution, a majority of the Southerners have, I understand, gone to the other two societies. Of course they will hear opposite views there advocated, and so does the American at Oxford or Cambridge hear republican institutions abused, and monarchy lauded to the skies. Should this restrain Americans from graduating in England if they choose, or place English universities under obligations to be *courteous* to the dissenters? Does the man who knows that he is in the right, banish himself or commit suicide because he meets with differences of opinion? This world is composed of *the opposition*, and I, for one, would just as leave meet one phase of it here as elsewhere. Let us meet every opponent on his own ground—breathing his own atmosphere, and wielding his own weapon. A few sneers (which few of us have noticed) cannot long affect us, against right, the Supreme Court and the Constitution. Before I leave the subject of Calliope, I must say to the confidence and generosity of the Faculty, provision was made for us in the erection of the new halls, and that too, when there was no prospect of our raising a sum of money which could justly entitle us to such provision. The failure to exist in a corporate capacity until the completion of the halls is our crime, not theirs.

Finally, sir, even should we admit that the gentleman's views were sound, and substantiated by proof, what is there so terrible after all in this Anti-Slavery sentiment in Yale College? We must judge of an evil by its effects. Now if this Anti-Slavery sentiment continues to send forth men so *Southern*, honourable and talented as Mr. Calhoun and the *gentleman* himself, it is the best school in the country for the education of *secessionists'* sons.

For my part, I am decidedly more pro-slavery in my sentiments *now*, than when I entered Yale College. I have seen the poverty and wretchedness of free negroes at the North. I have compared them with their more fortunate brethren at the South. I have seen the *cheap* and humbug philanthropy of Abolitionism trying to find a decent hiding place. In fine, I have learned that every man who is opposed to Slavery, is not necessarily opposed to the South.

I do not think, sir, that the state of political feeling in Yale College called for the remarks published in the *Register*. Even if there is such feeling, and that dangerous, or to say the least, unpleasant, our redress seems to lie in a *homeward* direction. The author of the article in question is one whose opinions I respect, both on account of the general soundness of his views and his "Seniority," and is the last man who would intentionally hurt the feelings of any one, or so far *generalise* his views as to include those who cannot endorse them. The country generally knows the standing of this College, and knows the tenets of its Professors, and if they wished to school their children in politics, they would probably keep them at home. But we must confess it will require many an unfavourable "dispute decision," and many a lecture on the "origin of rights and the duties of States," ere the annual pilgrimage of Southern students to this modern Athens of Science and Literature shall be staid.

A Southerner.

Selections.

ANTI-SLAVERY ANNIVERSARY.

On Wednesday evening last, the Second Anniversary of the Anti-Slavery Society of Canada was held in the St. Lawrence Hall. Shortly after the hour of meeting, the Hall was densely packed, as well as the staircase leading to it, by a most attentive auditory. Amongst the number, we noticed several Clergymen and others from the neighbouring cities, who came to testify their warm interest in the cause. The President, Rev. Dr. Willis, occupied the Chair, and was surrounded by the different Ministers of the city, and the members of the Executive Committee. The proceedings being opened by prayer, by the Rev. John Roaf, the President, in a few suitable remarks, called upon the Secretary, T. Henning, Esq., to read an abstract of the Annual Report. We can only make room for the following:

ABSTRACT OF THE REPORT.

It began by stating that although the Upas tree of Slavery grows not on British soil, yet, as part of the great brotherhood of mankind, Canada is responsible to defend those principles which are necessary to promote the welfare of the whole. Humanity and Christianity forbid us to sit listlessly by, while beside us are three millions of slaves, whom God hath endowed with rational souls and created for immortality, but whom man has reduced to a state utterly repugnant to every principle of reason, religion and humanity. Silence in such a case is both unnatural and sinful. It was on this principle that the Society was formed, and on this principle it has continued to act. An account is then given of the visits of the Rev. S. R. Ward, as agent of the Society, to the different districts, and cities of the Upper Province, and of the good effects of these visits in removing prejudices and in exciting sympathy with the slave and the Anti-Slavery cause. Auxiliary Societies have been formed at Kingston, Hamilton, London, Windsor, and in Grey County, and amongst the office-bearers and managers are Clergymen of the different Ecclesiastical bodies. The attendance at the different meetings has been uniformly large. The action of the Committee, in correcting certain erroneous statements made in Great Britain, both in regard to the blacks and in regard to the religious character of their friends in America, are next referred to, and an account given of the visit of the President—Rev. Dr. Willis—to Great Britain and Ireland, and of the meetings which he held. The testimony of the different religious denominations in Canada, against the sin of Slavery, and the minutes of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, the Methodist New Connexion and the Congregational Union, in regard to it, are quoted. The labours of the Ladies Association, in the relieving of Fugitives, and procuring them employment and permanent homes, are spoken of with approbation, and reference made to their appeal to American Women, as well as that of Lord Shaftesbury, to which about 14,000 signatures were received in Canada in a short time. An account of the present condition of the coloured people in Canada follows. There has been during the past year but little of that extreme destitution which attended the influx of Refugees after the passage of the Fugitive Law in 1850 and in 1851. Great improvement has taken place amongst the coloured people, both in the state of morals, in the acquisition of property, and in efforts for the attainment of intellectual and spiritual culture. The Elgin Association continues to prosper, and bids fair to realize the benevolent purposes of the friends of the Institution. The British American Institute is at present in a transition state, so that neither the school nor the estate are in such a prosperous condition as could be desired. The objects and action of the Refugees' Home Society are stated—allusion made to the opposition offered to it in some quarters and the views of the Committee on the subject. It ought to be assumed that every man, unless disabled by sickness, can support himself after he has obtained employment, and all that is required is a fair chance, friendly advice and a little encouragement at first. Amongst the agencies for the moral and spiritual instruction of the negroes, are the Missionaries of the American Missionary Association, who are stationed at St. Catherines, Amherstburg, Mount Pleasant, New Canaan, and Windsor. The sum expended for these missions during the past year amounted to $1,441.

This part of the Report closes with an address to the coloured people themselves, advising them to be diligent, frugal, truthful, and temperate—to educate their children and to teach them useful trades. A review is next taken of both the dark and bright aspects of the question of Slavery in the United States. The two great political parties have agreed to sustain the Fugitive Law, and President Pierce is fully determined to carry out the wishes of his party, so that, as far as he and his senate are concerned, they are pledged to Slavery. The action of the Federal Government on the matter, and that of the individual States in regard to the rights of free Negroes, is next pointed out and an abstract given of the several Bills lately brought forward in the different State Legislatures to deprive them of their rights and liberties, and drive them from their homes. The relation of the Church to Slavery is shown, and the fact that all the larger Ecclesiastical bodies refuse to legislate on the subject, is noticed. The number of slaves held by ministers of the Gospel and members of the different Protestant churches is estimated to be 660,563. The Colonisation Society—its objects and designs—are fully exposed—the tendencies of the Society and the result of its labours are stated, and its bearing upon the question of Emancipation set forth—and in connection with this the condition of the free people in the Northern States is shown to be very gratifying, both in regard to property and morals. The favourable indications are dwelt upon—the discussion of the question and the action of the different Societies—the effects produced by Uncle Tom's Cabin—the few faint gleams of light appearing amidst the heathenish darkness of the South. The causes why Slavery, which is admitted so generally even by slaveholders, to be an evil, is so closely pressed to the bosom—are explained—the objections of those who refuse to liberate their slaves stated and answered, and the plans proposed for their emancipation considered as to their feasibility and honesty; and a hope expressed that the South will listen to counsel in time, lest a time may come when a collision shall occur, and on the one side be found the power of man, on the other the omnipotence of God.

The increased interest taken by Great Britain in this question is referred, in a large measure, to the influential pleadings of Uncle Tom, who is wandering about so restlessly through every land—the apostle of liberty, preaching in every tongue. In connection with a notice of Lord Shaftesbury's address, which has created such a stir on this side the Atlantic—the question of the guilt of Britain, in compelling the Colonies to continue Slavery, is considered, and the duty and expediency of immediate emancipation proved by the sober facts of history.

The effects of Emancipation in the West Indies are detailed, and the present condition of the British and French West India Colonies pourtrayed, with the causes which produced it.

The gratifying fact that the Slave Trade on the coast of Africa is nearly extinguished is counterbalanced by the opposite fact that, in spite of treaties and prohibitions, the Slave Trade still flourishes in Cuba, with the cognizance and connivance of the Spanish Government. The Report terminates with an expression of encouragement both to the slave and the friends of the slave. He who liberatd Israel will yet liberate the African. May "the year of his redeemed," in this respect, not be coupled with "a day of vengeance," such as the destruction of the Egyptians in the Red Sea.

The following Resolutions were then ably, and in some instances eloquently, discussed by the parties named below:

Moved by the Rev. Dr. Burns (Free Church), seconded by the Rev. Mr. Sanson (Episcopalian):

1. That as the history of American Slavery, from year to year, affords cumulative evidence of its sinfulness and destructive influence upon religion, morality and social order, all who uphold and extend it or seek to palliate its guilt, are acting in defiance of the laws of God, and the best interests of their country, and of the human race.

Moved by the Rev. John Roaf (Congregational), seconded by the Rev. S. R. Ward:

2. That, whereas the Fugitive Slave Bill, which authorizes seizure without process—trial without jury—and consignment to Southern prison-houses upon *ex parte* testimony, converting every citizen into a slave-catcher, is declared a "Finality," by the United States Congress, w[illegible] Democratic President, and a Constitution which [illegible]" that all men are created equal; that they a[illegible]ed by THEIR CREATOR with certain inalienable rights; that among these are *life*, LIBERTY, and the pursuit of happiness"—we repeat our detestation of this infamous Act, as well as our abhorrence of those *coercive* laws lately passed by several State Governments, which leave no alternative to the coloured man between Slavery and Expatriation from the land of his birth.

Moved by the Rev. Dr. Willis, seconded by the Rev. Mr. Robinson (Methodist New Connexion):

3. That while we regard it as encouraging that there are several religious sects, and many individual ministers, who have opposed the will of the majority, and have stood prominently forward as friends of liberty and humanity, we would express our strong and growing conviction that the sin of the continuance of Slavery in the United States is chiefly attributable to the recreancy and unfaithfulness of the larger ecclesiastical bodies.

Moved by the Rev. Professor Lillie, seconded by the Rev. Mr. Smith (Baptist):

4. That we rejoice in the full and free discussion of the question of Slavery, throughout Europe and America, during the past year, which has been largely contributed to by that most admirable book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," as well as by the friendly appeals which have been addressed to American women, on a subject in which they are so deeply concerned.

Moved by the Rev. H. Wilson (American Missionary, St. Catherines), seconded by P. Brown, Esq.:

5. That we express our warm sympathies with those self-denying and patriotic men and women, in the United States, who are labouring so zealously to wipe out the foul stain of Slavery from their country, in the midst of much that is calculated to discourage and to paralize.

On the motion of the Rev. Robert Irvine, seconded by Judge Marshall, of Nova Scotia, the following gentlemen were chosen office-bearers for the succeeding year:

President—Rev. M. Willis, D.D.

Vice Presidents—John Arnold, Esq., and the Presidents of the Auxiliary Societies.

Secretary—Thomas Henning, Esq.

Treasurer—Peter Freeland, Esq.

Committees—Thomas Clarkson, Esq.; Rev. Dr. Burns; R. H. Brett, Esq.; Peter Brown, Esq.; George Brown, M.P.P.; Alexander Christie, Esq.; Rev. C. H. Dall; Rev. R. Dick; Rev. Professor Esson; Patrick Freeland, Esq.; Andrew Hamilton, Esq.; Rev. R. Irvine; John Laidlaw, Esq.; Thomas Plummer, Esq.; James Lesslie, Esq.; David Maitland, Esq.; J. F. Marling, Esq.; H. McMeekin, Esq; John Patton, Esq.; Geo. A. Pyper, Esq.; Rev. John Roaf; John M Ross, Esq.; Rev. Mr. Sanson; Thos. S. Shortt, Esq.; Rev. J. B. Smith; Rev. Dr. Taylor.

The Society is doing good service in the Anti-Slavery cause. The Committee, at the request of friends in Great Britain, have agreed to depute Mr. Ward as agent of the Society, to visit that country to plead the cause of the slave, and to give accurate information in regard to the true position of Canada—that integral part of the British dominion—in the cause of Anti-Slavery.—*Toronto (Canada) Globe.*

FREE AMERICA AND HER SLAVES.

It is not often that a woman's name appears gracefully at the foot of a letter, addressed to the public, through the columns of a newspaper. Such, at least, is the general sentiment amongst us, in this old-fashioned quarter of the globe. We have been trained up in the idea that the sphere of her usefulness and the nature of her duties differ essentially from those of man. Not that we would, thereby, have her excluded from seeking to achieve any one of the noble purposes in which man engages. But, simply, that, while working for their attainment, she should adopt those agencies, and employ those qualities, which Providence—as we believe—has made more peculiarly her own. By this "division of labour"—to use the phrase of the Economists—the moral progress of the world appears to us to be best secured. And certain we are that in these countries, where it is most jealously regarded, woman has exercised, and continues to exercise, as large an influence, at the least, over all that affects the destinies of the State, as she has done, or does, in any other country of the globe.

The press, with us, is one of those agencies which it is considered are not ordinarily to be resorted to by women, as the means of promoting any object. But all rules have their exceptions. And there are occasions which even those who desire most to keep feminine modesty unimpaired, by exhibitions in the arena of public controversy, will allow to warrant her appearance there. These exceptional cases are, however, few. And they almost exclusively refer to the advocacy of some project of benevolence, peculiarly within the range of womanly understanding and womanly sympathy. An appeal from a woman, through the public journals, in such a case, may be both allowable and graceful.

But the case, of all others, in which one of the gentler sex appears most ungracefully, as the correspondent of a newspaper, is that in which she writes in sustainment, however indirectly or disguisedly, of cruelty and oppression. To do this is not merely to unsex herself, but to glory in doing so. She lays aside the modest reserve of womanhood, to perform an office at which manhood spurns. She is thus doubly deserving of reprobation; and we do not know any principle on which her offence should be allowed to go unpunished.

We pen these observations in reference to a letter, an abstract of which appears in another part of our paper, purporting to be a reply to the Stafford House remonstrance against Slavery, and bearing the signature Julia Gardner Tyler—the lady thus named being, we are informed, the wife of the ex-President Tyler, and one who is represented as still "young, beautiful, and accomplished." That the two former epithets are correctly applied to Mrs. Tyler, we are quite ready to assume, and that the third is justly bestowed we are bound to admit, if she be the writer of the letter bearing her signature—though the accomplishments of which it is evidence are not much to our taste. But that the authoress of such a production should be a young, beautiful, and accomplished woman we regard as a very deplorable fact. And, not so much for the honour of the fair sex as for the hopes of a great nation, we would indeed be glad to find that it was the production of a crabbed, sordid, aged man, that the signature of Julia Gardner Tyler was a forgery, and that both the womanhood and the youth of the United States of America could disclaim all connexion with it. Unfortunately, we cannot indulge in such a hope.

Our readers know what the Stafford House address was, and the occasion which called it forth. A lady, herself an American, and a subject of the United States—Mrs. Beecher Stowe—published a work, in which she depicted the horrors and crimes of the slave system, as existing in the republic, with a degree of pathos and power such as are not often found with writers. Her book had an unprecedented sale, and created an almost unprecedented sensation. Written in the English language, its circulation in England was naturally great. And, amongst many reasons which contributed to give it an unusual interest for the people of the British Empire, there was, besides the fact just mentioned, the peculiar relation in which Great Britain stood with reference to the slave. She had emancipated him, in all he own possessions, at immense cost. She had struggled, in every way, to obtain his manumission in other countries. She alone affords him an asylum, at the present hour, from all oppression and persecution, and sets him, politically and socially, on a level with all other citizens. It was, therefore, very natural that a sympathy with his sufferings, long since evoked, and constantly exercised, should have been powerfully excited, in British bosoms, by Mrs. Stowe's volume, and it was equally natural that, amongst her own sex, to which she particularly appealed for aid, in her efforts on behalf of the negro race, the manifestation of that sympathy should have been the most prompt and active. Accordingly the Duchess of Sutherland and a number of other ladies, most of them titled, or of high birth, met at Stafford House, her Grace's town residence, and agreed to an address to their republican sisters, in favour of the unhappy slaves, which address was published in the newspapers, and is that now replied to, or rather retorted on, by Mrs. Tyler, on the part of her fellow-countrywomen.

We do not say that the Stafford House address was the most judicious thing that could have been resolved upon, or the best calculated to accomplish its purpose. But, most assuredly, we believe it to have been sincere and cordial, and to have had no other object than the generous and noble one of aiding the unfortunate. Moreover, it was wholly unobjectionable in sentiment and language—essentially feminine from first to last. Interference could not possibly be less obtrusive, less irritating, or less open to cavil of any sort. Any external interference, on such a subject, was, perhaps, not likely to be overmuch relished, by even a less vain-glorious people than those of the great Republic. But the object of the Stafford House address was so womanly, the tone of it so kind, and the immediate motive to it so strong—and we may add, so American—that every woman of generous mind, in the Union, should have instantly forgiven whatever might be hurtful to her national pride, in the fact of so interposing, and received the remonstrance in the spirit in which it was meant. If the wife of an ex-President thought proper to reply to it, on behalf of her fellow-countrywomen, she might, we readily admit, have gently admonished her British sisters that there were in the United States quite a sufficient number of women who abhorred Slavery as much as they, and who were as anxious as they, to discharge faithfully all their moral and social obligations; and that, while she had no doubt of the excellent motives that actuated the signers of the Stafford House address, yet the difficulties of the Slave question could not be quite understood by those ladies, and would not be diminished, but possibly increased, by their interposition. So much of gentle rebuke might, we say, be permitted to national pride. But more than this no generous woman could have offered to those of her own sex, whom over-zeal, in a good cause, had led into any error with which they may be chargeable.

But Mrs. ex-President Tyler—as the States-folk would delight to call her—has taken up her pen in a very different spirit from that of generosity. The most sordid slavebreeder could not resent an assault on the "domestic institution" by which he lived, with more bitterness than the "young, beautiful, and accomplished" lady exhibits, in her rejoinder to the Duchess and her fellow addressers. Vainglorious, pharisaical, recriminatory, and petulant, Mrs. Tyler's lengthy epistle is, indeed, a melancholy contrast to the document which elicited it. From beginning to end, it does not manifest a single womanly feeling, on its writer's part, and "envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness" breathe through its every line.

Mrs. Tyler begins with an eulogium on her own sex, as they are to be found in the United States, of which we shall only say, that we would be very glad to imagine it was in any degree deserved. The women of the Southern States, especially, are paragons of excellence. Amongst them, their fair champion assures us: "You might find no splendid vestments of dress, no glittering diamonds, no aristocratic displays. No; the vestments they wear are those of meekness and charity; their diamonds are gems of the heart; and their splendour the neatness and order and contentment that everywhere greet the eye." If this be not precious cant, we know not what deserves the name. That much virtue and excellence exist amongst these Southern ladies—slaveholding though they be—we are quite prepared to believe. But that there is anywhere to be found more luxury, extravagance, and aristocratic haughtiness, than, as a race, they delight in, we do not believe; and we are not very ignorant respecting them. We have no wish to speak harshly of them. Quite the reverse. There is much in their position which should meet companion rather than incur blame. For that accursed institution, which afflicts their soil, and contaminates their households, wars perpetually with their better nature; and it demands inherent virtues, of the loftiest kind, to make women in their situation what they easily are in a purer and less depraved society. But, be this as it may, they are not faithfully pictured by Mrs. Tyler, nor will that lady's partial testimony be credited by the world in opposition to the concurrent evidence of all indifferent observers.

Mrs. Tyler having thus gallantly defended the character of her sister slaveholders—for the lady is herself at the head of a large establishment of negroes—indulges in some pre-eminently silly remarks on the motives for the Stafford House address, which she sapiently conjectures to have been prompted by "newspaper editors," or some of our "greatest statesmen," intent on doing deadly injury to the great republic. This ludicrous section of her letter calls for no comment. After it, she proceeds, with true Yankee boastfulness, to proclaim the marvellous progress made by the American Union, in population, wealth, and to forth; all which, of course, accounts for the jealousy of the statesmen and editors aforesaid, and makes them so anxious to humble the republic, in the matter of Slavery. No one ever yet questioned this material progress, it is unnecessary for us to say, and it has nowhere been paraded, more frequently and admiringly, than in the *Times* and other leading English journals. So much for this part of the lady's letter.

Mrs. Tyler then fastens on the admission, in the Stafford House address—candidly made, and expressly relied on as an apology for British interference—that Slavery was inherited, in the States, from Great Britain, and actually forced on the colonists, in the reign of the "good Queen Anne," and she proceeds to argue that, if it were equally the interest of England, now as then, to uphold it, she would do so. She scoffs not a little at the sympathy of the noble ladies at Stafford House, writes of "crocodile tears" and so forth, and finally launches forth into what she, doubtless, considers a crushing *tu quoque* argument, in which she points out all the crime and misery that exist in these islands, and tells the British ladies that it will be high time for them to look after American evils when they have none to alleviate at home. All this part of her epistle will be found at length, in another page, so that we need but thus briefly refer to it here.

It would take considerable time and space to answer, in detail, Mrs. Tyler's formidably long diatribe, and we do not mean to enter on the task. But, inasmuch as the tendency of all such writing as hers is to diminish the sympathy with the slave, by trying to make it appear that his condition is not one of peculiar misery, and to lessen the horror of Slavery by inculcating an idea that there are many other ills prevalent in the world of equal magnitude, we must say something on this point. The fallacy involved is criminally mischievous, and must never be allowed to pass unrepelled. There is no institution whatever so bad as that of Slavery, no condition whatever so bad at that of the slave. The recriminatory argument, therefore, fails, if all Mrs. Tyler alleges were true, which it most certainly is not.

Slavery, as it exists in the United States, is at once poverty and crime. The slave is a pauper, for he can have no property, and is himself the absolute property of another. He is a criminal if the unconscious and unintentional violation of the moral law be criminality—for he can hardly be anything else, where he is dealt with as a mere chattel, bought, sold, exchanged, used for all the purposes of a beast of burthen, and with all the regard to present and prospective profit. Crime and poverty, therefore, are an institution there. This is altogether undeniable.

Now, crime and poverty exist in Great Britain and Ireland, to a very distressing extent. But crime and poverty are accidents here—or rather the inevitable result of the competition, that must be always expected in an old and crowded community. It is, then, utterly false to say that any real resemblance exists between the British Empire and the North American republic in this respect. There is none whatever. Our condition, in many respects, is bad enough. But it cannot for an instant be compared in degradation to that of the United States. In many of the great cities of the latter nation, young comparatively as they are, and in all respects so much more favourably circumstanced than ours, all that is vicious and revolting, in our social state, is to be found superadded to the formally instituted, and constitutionally protected, atrocity of the slave system. And in that nation we see no evidence of a ruggle, for a redemption from all social evils, that we daily witness in our own.

The United States might indeed feel ashamed and degraded, at the contrast presented, in this respect, between her history and that of Great Britain. It is hardly eighty years since the young republic of the West blazoned her gallant protest against the insolent tyranny of the latter country on a few yards of bunting, and flung the banner of the stripes and stars to the fanning winds of Heaven. Within that brief period the ensign thus nobly hoisted has become the emblem of one of the greatest nations of the earth. Mrs. Tyler has truly described the wondrous achievements of her country in the interim from that time to the present. Vast territories peopled, great cities built, giant navies set afloat, a whole continent interlaced with canals and telegraphic wires—all these attest the progress made by the revolted child of Britain. But in the hour of her first stroke for freedom she had one awful curse of negro Slavery. And that remains to-day, a wider, darker, deeper, and more damning stain, than then.

And how since has it been with Great Britain? Has her career, in the meanwhile, been in any degree similar? With her small island territory, her crowded fields and cities, her embarrassing relations with the States of continental Europe—what has she contrived to do? She has won large accessions of territory, has widened her dominion, increased her wealth, exalted her naval and military reputation—but she has done something more. She has steadily, and perseveringly, pursued the work of social and political improvement, amongst her people. The Dissenter has been emancipated, the Catholic disenthralled, the slave-trade abolished, the slaves themselves set free—at the cost of £20,000,000 sterling—public liberty extended, the factory system placed under state inspection, a poor law extended to Ireland—but it is futile to attempt recording the moral and political ameliorations thus carried out, for they are too numerous to be set forth. The State, in short, has long been nobly engaged in works which will redound to its lasting honour. And individuals have done, and are doing, so much in the way of benevolence, that Mrs. Tyler makes it an accusation against the country, that £10,000,000 a year are expended in voluntary charity! We are to assume that her countrymen cannot be charged ed with similar misappropriation of money. But, as regards the efforts of this freedom-loving young nation for freedom, we have the fact that the extent of her generosity has been the enactment, but the other day, of the Fugitive Slave Law, which declares that, on her emancipated soil, no free-born citizen shall dare to shelter or protect a runaway human chattel, though *he* may fly from death, or *she* from pollution.

We must close, though most unwillingly; for our countrymen need some admonitory words, in reference to the United States and their institutions. It sickens us to hear the encomiums that are often lavished on the Great Republic, as if it were a sort of Heaven-guided region, in which there is neither misery nor crime. Deeply and earnestly we lament that both are there—dark, wide-spread, and terrible—and consecrated in the eyes even of "young, beautiful, and accomplished" women, as an "institution of the Republic." God grant that we shall never regard that institution, or its abettors, with other sentiments than those of disgust and horror. —*The (Ireland) Province of Munster.*

DUBLIN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

On Monday evening a meeting of this Society was held in the Round-room of the Rotundo, for the purpose of taking measures to promote the Abolition of Slavery. There was a very large attendance. The chair was taken by the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor.

The Chairman said he felt very much honoured in being asked to preside at this meeting. He had not devoted a great deal of attention to the question of Anti-Slavery; but books had been written lately which had made all their minds alive to the subject, and his only surprise was, that in America, which was considered the parent of liberty, it had not long been abolished (hear).

Mr. Richard Webb, one of the honourary secretaries of the society, explained the object of convening the meeting. He said that it was probably known to most of those present, that for many years past a number of persons had been associated for the purpose of promoting the abolition of Slavery; but the feelings of hostility to that system had been very much increased within the last twelve months, owing to the publication of books on the subject at the other side of the Atlantic. It would naturally be said—"What was the necessity for any appeal from this country with the view of having Slavery abolished in other parts?" Well, above all countries in which Slavery did not exist, there was none in which there was a greater necessity for an Anti-Slavery Society than in Ireland; because there was no country from which emigration to America was greater; it was yearly

America, and justly so; for when the people of this country were perishing from famine, all classes in all parts of America contributed liberally towards the relief of Ireland both food and money, by means of which thousands of lives had been saved, and for this beneficence a lasting debt of gratitude was due to the inhabitants of that great country. But if they owed America such a debt it was their bounden duty to tell her of her sins, and warn her of the mill stone that hung round her neck (hear, hear). America should be told that she had denied the rights of humanity to one-sixth of her children, upon whose necks she had placed the iron heel of despotism. To maintain this evil institution what enormities was she not obliged to perpetrate? Let them look at her fugitive slave law, which converted the entire country into a human hunting ground, leaving not one spot for liberty to rest upon. America, through her noble band of Abolitionists, called upon them to assist in raising her from the slough of degradation in which she was plunged. It was their duty as men and Christians to save the gamester from his dice, and the sinner from his sins, as he had heard it once well said by an eloquent Anti-Slavery advocate (cheers). Mr. Allen then referred to two works written by ladies, which he said had caused what he might call eras in the movement against Slavery; one was entitled "Immediate not Gradual Emancipation;" and the other was "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (loud applause). The former work demonstrated in the most conclusive manner the absolute necessity that existed for the immediate abolition of Slavery (hear, hear, and loud cheers)—and it helped in no small degree to effect the liberation of the West Indian slaves (cheers). The value of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was, that it carried conviction with it to every mind; it described Slavery as the most horrible and revolting, but the reality was much worse (hear, hear). Having referred to the degrading manner in which slaves were bought, sold, worked, and hunted in the United States, and having alluded to the many social virtues and excellent qualities of the African negroes, he concluded amid loud applause.

Professor Lawson proposed the second resolution, which was to the following effect: "That as the people of the United States were endeared to them by the ties of relationship, and the warm interest which they had always evinced towards the Irish people, and as they were convinced that that system was disgraceful to the country, and dangerous to her institutions, they deemed it their duty to hasten its abolition by their earnest remonstrances, and by, as far as in their power lay, arousing the voice of mankind against it." He said he believed that this movement rested on the broad basis of common Christianity, and, therefore, when asked to take a part in it, he could not refuse doing so (hear, hear). He rejoiced to see such a demonstration as they had that evening against the system of Slavery. No one he thought could call it a hostile demonstration, although it was the fashion now to prepare against hostilities, which perhaps might never come (laughter). But he for one would not take any part in the proceedings if he thought that a single unkind word would be used against the American people—against those to whom they were deeply indebted (hear)—but they came there to speak of what was a crying evil, and a crying sin—an injury to the American people themselves; not merely to the slave, but to the master, from the condition in which he was placed by being a slaveholder. It was said that there was an amount of happiness and contentment among the slaves themselves, and that very circumstance was used by these persons as an argument that Slavery was not such a very bad thing; but in every case they would find that the system produced a degree of demoralization on the part of the master; and, therefore, they came there to protest not more against the subjugation in which slaves were kept than against the moral condition in which the system would always keep their owners (hear). Every crime, sooner or later, brought its own punishment. The American nation was prevented from making that progress in civilization, and in all these arts which adorned life, that it would make had it the courage to fling away that dreadful weight, Slavery, and to rely on the natural reason and gifts which God and nature bestowed upon them (hear). He confessed he would not have patience to argue with any man who would attempt to persuade him that Slavery was not a sin. It was true as Mr. Abeltshauser had said, that there was nothing said exactly in the Bible about it, but it was not the intention of the Bible to point out the duty of man in all things. It supplied principles, which, if acted upon, would lead to the true result (hear, hear). Slaves were heirs to the same redemption as the slaveholder, and of the same everlasting life which they hoped to attain. It was impossible for any man with a show of reason to stand up and argue that it was not a sin to hold men in Slavery, and claim the absolute mastery of their bodies and limbs (hear, hear). In opposition to this he dared say Americans would tell them that slaves were more comfortable than the peasantry of Ireland, and that all these things which they had read about them were a complete exaggeration. He had two answers to this. If they were comfortable in being supplied with all the necessaries of life, still these did not bestow happiness, because it was a principle of nature that man never could be happy when his happiness rested on the caprice of another (hear and cheers). Experience showed them that men were not fit to be entrusted with uncontrolled power over their fellow-men; and in cases where a man was entrusted with that power, it invariably made him a tyrant, if he was not so before (hear, hear). It was not, therefore, the slaveholders, but the slave system, which they blamed; and it was not to the men themselves that they attributed those great and crying evils which they were met to protest against, but they looked upon them as the natural and inevitable result of that abominable system which was endeavoured to be upheld in this the nineteenth century. The resolution truly stated that the "system of Slavery was disgraceful to the American nation, and dangerous to its free institution," for how could a free institution exist with such a canker preying on its vitals. The frightful accounts of American Slavery were not exaggerated, for even though a slave might sometimes chance to meet with a good master, and be kindly treated for a time, yet that was the exception, and the contrary the rule, and the laws afforded the poor slave no redress against any cruelty or injustice which his master might think fit to exercise against him. Against such a system as that it was their duty, as Christians and as men, to protest as strongly as they could, and to bring to bear against it the force of reason and argument, against which nothing bearing the semblance of injustice could stand; for if fact could not be answered by fact, and argument by argument, then would come the ultimate extinction of the odious slave system (loud applause). But not alone would America be freeing herself from disgrace, but she would positively benefit herself by the abolition of that institution, for it had been proved beyond all doubt as a mere matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, that America would be a gainer by that step (hear, hear). It was well known that a freeman would work for what would suffice to clothe and feed himself and family, which should necessarily be provided for a slave; and the difference between the labour performed by a slave and a freeman was immense—was incalculable (loud applause). And, therefore, great as was the value that the United States set upon her slaves, she would be an undoubted and considerable gainer by putting an end to the system by which she held them, and restoring to men that liberty which God had given them, and which no law of man had a right to deprive them of (applause). Let the people of this country, therefore, not despair of success in this great cause, for they were now in a better position than they had been when attempting to obtain the emancipation of the West Indian slaves, at which time they had to contend with all the influence and opposition which the wealthy planters of those colonies could bring to bear against the movement—whereas they now, in addition to the strong sympathy existing upon the subject among the nations of Europe, were powerfully aided by the Abolitionist party, which was daily and hourly increasing in strength and numbers in America itself, and which the truth, the justice, and the righteousness of the cause, must cause to continue to increase, until the facts becoming more powerful, their arguments more cogent and convincing, they would at length place in a minority those who arrogated to themselves the right of holding their fellow-creatures in bondage, and cause them to feel ashamed of their conduct, and put an end to the cruel and arbitrary system which they had hitherto upheld (great applause).

Dr. Harvey seconded the resolution, which passed.

The Rev. D. Smith proposed the third resolution, which was seconded by Mr. James Haughton, and passed:

"Inasmuch as the same restrictions upon the freedom of speech, of the press, and of education, which are indispensable to the support of political despotism, are also employed for the maintenance of the still more intense and degrading tyranny of chattel Slavery, we deem a knowledge and true appreciation of the character and influence of American Slavery to be important to us for our own sakes; lest the injury to morality, religion, and liberty, effected by that institution in the United States, should extend to us, in consequence of the increased and increasing intercourse between the two countries."

Mr. J. O'Connell proposed the next resolution, as follows:

"We desire to express our respect and sympathy in an especial manner for that portion of the people of the United States who have unremittingly laboured for the last twenty years to promulgate the great truth, that slave-holding is a sin, and ought to be immediately abandoned, and by whose devoted and courageous efforts, in the face of a corrupt public sentiment, so much has been done to awaken their countrymen to a sense of the impoliey, inconsistency, and wickedness of Slavery."

He said he gladly availed himself of that opportunity to come forward for the purpose of raising his humble voice against the continuance of the nefarious system, which they had assembled that evening with the view of denouncing (hear, hear)—and he was delighted at having that opportunity afforded him of joining with that meeting in appealing to their fellow-countrymen in America to assist in abolishing that wicked system (hear, hear). He considered that the conduct of the native Americans was in some measure excusable; but what defence could be pleaded for those Irishmen who, while in their own country, were clamouring for that liberty which they withheld from their fellow men in the United States (hear). It was a sad and painful reflection, that even one Irishman could be found in any part of the world who would be willing to sustain such a system (hear). Why had not the men who had been received into America, and welcomed as the heroes of liberty, declared their sentiments upon the subject, instead of being so remarkably and painfully silent upon the question of Slavery (applause). He wished to acquaint the citizens of Dublin with the fact, that this city was the first place in the united kingdom which raised the voice of indignant and outraged humanity against the practices of the slave trade (cheers). In this very city of Dublin, 125 years ago, the voice of Ireland was raised in condemnation of Slavery, and it was not until nearly 50 years after the time that a similar movement was set on foot in England and Scotland (applause). He concluded by expressing a hope that the people of this country would prove that they were the real lovers of liberty—not for themselves alone, or from the lips outward, but for all mankind, and from the innermost depths of their hearts (applause).

Mr. John Armstrong seconded the resolution, which passed unanimously.

Dr. Madden moved the following resolution, which was seconded by Mr. Gilpin, and passed:

"We also feel bound to declare our sense of the incalculable benefit to the cause of humanity by Mrs. H. Beecher Stowe, who, by holding up Slavery to the horror of mankind, in her admirable tale of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' has done much to hasten the day of universal emancipation. And we cordially recommend to public favour the tribute to Mrs. Stowe as an evidence of our appreciation of her services."

It was then proposed that an address from the citizens of Dublin to the people of the United States be issued on behalf of this meeting, and forwarded to America for circulation in that country through the medium of the newspapers favourable to the abolition of Slavery.

Mr. W. Webb said it was calculated that since the publication of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' six months ago, as many copies of it had been sold as of Sir Walter Scott's works within the last thirty years. It had been suggested that a testimonial, emanating from Dublin, should be presented to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, for her great exertions to procure the abolition of Slavery, and a committee had been formed to receive subscriptions, varying in amount from a penny to a pound, for that purpose. It was intended that one-half of the sum should be presented to Mrs. Stowe for herself, and the remainder to be distributed as she thought proper.

A vote of thanks to the Lord Mayor terminated the proceedings.—*Dublin Advocate.*

TO THE PEOPLE OF CUYAHOGA, LAKE, AND GEAUGA COUNTIES.

Fellow Citizens: The official relation which I have so long held towards you is now dissolved. The occasion is one which demands of me an expression of the gratitude which I feel towards those in whose service nearly one-half the business portion of my life has been spent. I leave you with emotions stronger than those of ordinary friendship. Long have I been sustained by your influence, strengthened by the repeated proofs of your confidence, and cheered on to effort by your approval of my labours. You have generously excused my errors, and overlooked my imperfections. These circumstances have created within me a feeling of affectionate attachment, of heartfelt gratitude, which can never be effaced while memory shall perform its office.

In return for your kindness, and the confidence reposed in me, I can only say that I have endeavoured to discharge my public duties with fidelity. My positions in Congress have been somewhat isolated; I have followed the dictates of my own best judgment; yet my opinions have been formed with deliberation and careful preparation. In looking over the past, I experience the most unfeigned pleasure in the consciousness that thus far no political opponent, indeed, no slaveholder, has attempted to meet the views I have expressed, or to refute the positions I have taken concerning our constitutional slavery. The declamation, misrepresentation, and personal detraction, with which I have been assailed, furnish abundant proof that my opponents were unwilling to assail the doctrines which I maintained.

My views upon the great questions which now agitate the country, are placed upon record; they are to be found in the official debates of Congress, and will soon appear in a collected form before the country. To you I may say that I shall cheerfully trust them to the examination and scrutiny of the public, and of those who shall come after us. Whether they shall hereafter be approved or condemned, I can only say they were the solemn conclusions of my own judgment, after mature and deliberate investigation.

Since you first honoured me with a seat in Congress, many changes have come over the physical world around us. Much of the dark forest of our country has given place to fruitful fields; beautiful dwellings now stand where the gloomy wilderness was then unbroken; our railroads have placed us in juxtaposition with the Atlantic cities; and our magnetic telegraphs enable us to converse with friends who are thousands of miles from us; in short, *progress* is written in unmistakable characters upon the natural world around us; but this progress is not more obvious than that which is seen in the moral world, or which marks the political sentiment of our land.

Of all the political issues existing between the parties when I entered Congress, not one now remains. In reviewing the past it appears appropriate that the issue made upon the existence of a United States Bank, should be contemporaneous with muddy roads and semi-monthly or weekly mails. The absorbing contest in regard to the division of the proceeds of public lands, and protective tariff, appears appropriate to the period when we traveled on horseback and other Atlantic cities; and we should be more astonished to meet a conservative, advocating the ancient mode of carrying the mail on foot, than we should to meet one who attempts to revive the political issues of 1836.

At that time few, very few, admitted Congress to possess the constitutional power to abolish Slavery in the District of Columbia; now no slaveholder denies it.

In 1840 our people generally regarded slaves as *property;* now no man will insult us by pretending that slaveholders and dough faces convened in Congress, by important words, arranged in the form of a Congressional Law, can convert the image of God, containing a living immortal soul, into *property*, and degrade it to the level of a brute.

The popular sentiment among us now denies the power of human legislators to sanctify crimes which God has denounced. That man who, under the supposed protection of Congressional law, now buys men and women in the District of Columbia, and sells them to the far South, with the perfect knowledge that they will be hurried to premature graves under the scourge, is regarded no less a murderer than he under whose lash the victim expires; nor is the member of Congress who lends his influence to sustain the Slave Trade there, considered less guilty before the Searcher of hearts, than the man who buys and sells his fellow mortals under the sanction and protection of laws sustained by Congress.

In the city of Washington, we have recently seen children torn from the embrace of their frantic parents, and moaning and sighing, dragged to the auction block and sold to the highest bidder. If any criminal upon earth deserves death, I think those who commit such revolting crimes should be the first to suffer; but are they more guilty than those members of Congress who put forth their influence to keep in force the law which authorizes these transcendent iniquities?

But you are aware that both the late Whig and Democratic candidates for President were pledged to sustain the law that authorizes these outrages—committed to sustain crimes at the contemplation of which we shrink back with horror; and yet Christians were asked to vote for them. And we know that every man who voted for these candidates, did, in fact, encourage and sustain this commerce in human flesh

I would not be understood as saying that all who supported Scott and Pierce *intended* to wield their influence to such purpose: I speak not of their motives. I only state a most obvious fact. I do not say that their moral guilt was as great as his who deals in the bodies of mothers and children in Washington City; they did not view the effect of such vote in the same light in which we view it; but I hesitate not to say that I would as soon have voted to continue the slave-trade, or deal in human flesh myself, as I would vote for any man pledged to uphold it; nor can I think a God of justice would hold me less guilty for voting in favour of a man who I was conscious would sustain that infamous crime, than he would for dealing in the bodies of mankind.

I am happy in saying that the popular sentiment on this subject of moral responsibility connected with political action, has also greatly improved. We no longer hear men denounce others for connecting moral principle with their political action; indeed, the man who now votes without regard to moral duty, is considered either an infidel in principle, or wanting a proper appreciation of his obligations to God and man.

The tone of our pulpit oratory has greatly changed. We no longer hear preachers of the Gospel exhort us to reverence and obey the infamous fugitive law; nor do they now attempt to argue that Slavery is a divine institution. No "lower law" sermons are now printed and sent over the land to insult a Christian people.

I have not time to speak of the changes in Congress; of gag-rules; of trampling upon the right of petition; of the insult, threats, and assaults upon members who, in former times, advocated the great truths which lie at the foundation of our government. These things have passed away; they exist now only in history.

At no period of the world has popular sentiment been undergoing such rapid improvement as at the present day. The literature of our nation, of England, and of Continental Europe, is putting forth a powerful influence in favour of liberty, of truth, justice, and humanity; teaching men to follow the precepts of that gospel which speaks peace and good will to all men—which directs us to do unto others as we would have them do unto us.

Nothing more distinctly marks the age in which we live, than the application of the doctrines of our holy religion of the political duties of governments and of people. No real distinction can be drawn between that infidelity which denies the responsibility of human action, and that political consistency which maintains a traffic in human flesh; indeed, I would far sooner share the responsibility of the just, humane infidel, in the day of final retribution, than of the slave-dealer who profanes all that is sacred, and pure, and holy, by professing to preach of Christ or to love the gospel.

The brotherhood of man and nations is rapidly becoming the ruling sentiment of Christendom. The heart of the civilized world beats for truth, justice, and humanity; and almost every steamer from Europe brings us some cheering—some word of encouragement from the philanthropist of the old world.

The slave power stands appalled at these manifestations of popular sympathy for the rights of man and the laws of God. Already have we set bounds to oppression. I give it as the conviction of my mind that Slavery will never pass its present limits, if we continue firm and unfaltering in the course which duty so clearly points out.

Fellow-citizens, you have not been spectators of these changes—of this great reform which now marks an epoch in the history of the world. You have been active agents in bringing about these encouraging circumstances. For myself I desire no other or greater earthly honour than that of participating, though in an humble degree, in this work of regenerating our government—of separating it from the support of Slavery and the slave-trade—of purifying it from the crimes, the guilt, which now rest upon it, and thus far contributing my humble labours for the elevation of our race.

It is the cause of God, of humanity; it cannot fail. Truth, present, and enduring—eternal justice—constitute the basis on which it rests. The feeble attempts of man to separate Deity from the beings whom He has created; or to tear from a portion of our race the rights which He has endowed them, must cease. As sure as God reigns, our cause will triumph. Nor do I think that triumph is far distant.

But whether you or I shall remain to participate in that triumph, is of little importance. Let the progress of the past stimulate us to more energetic efforts in future; let our influence, our moral and political energies, be exerted for the advancement of liberty and humanity, against oppression in all its forms; for the elevation and happiness of mankind; but most especially let us strive to purify ourselves, the people of the free States, and the federal government, from the blood of those victims now annually sacrificed under the sanction of Congressional law. Let us be careful that the guilt and the odium of those national murders, those savage cruelties, shall rest on those who commit, who encourage, and sanction them.

With these sentiments I entered Congress; in that body I have not failed to maintain them: you have generously sustained me in doing so; and now, in the fullness of this spirit, we separate; and in it I bid you an affectionate God speed in all your labours for the benefit of mankind.

With feelings of gratitude, of respect, and affectionate attachment.

I am Your Obedient Servant,

J. R. Giddings.

Jefferson, March 8, 1853.

☞ In copying, last week, the letter of Oliver Johnson to the Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, and their resolutions thereupon, we were compelled, for want of room, to omit Mr. Johnson's graceful valedictory to the readers of the *Freeman*. We, therefore, now republish it.

TAKING LEAVE.

My connection with *The Freeman* ceases with the present issue. The reasons which have impelled me to terminate thus suddenly a relation in every respect so agreeable to myself, and which I had fondly hoped would be permanent, are given in the 'Statement of the Executive Committee,' which will be found below; so that little remains for me except to take a fraternal leave of my Pennsylvania friends, and to prepare myself as I best may for the duties of another but not less responsible position.

I must bear witness that during a somewhat varied and extensive Anti-Slavery experience, I have nowhere found warmer, truer, or more generous friends than those who have cheered my labours at the post I am now about to vacate; and it is a source of heartfelt gratification to be able to say, that my departure is impelled by no alienation of feeling and no disagreement of opinions between myself and my co-labourers, nor by any lack of desire on their part to retain my services, but solely by the conviction that, however much I may be needed here, I am *more* needed at another place.

I has been my fortune, at one time or another, to be connected editorially with all the papers in our country that are devoted to the advocacy of the Anti-Slavery cause as represented by the American Anti-Slavery Society. On various occasions, during the absence of Mr. Garrison in Great Britain or elsewhere, I have occupied (though far enough from filling) the editorial chair of *The Liberator*. In 1840-41 I was the resident editor of *The National Anti-Slavery Standard* (the late N. P. Rogers having been little more than the nominal editor). Subsequently I was for two years the editor of *The Anti-Slavery Bugle*, at Salem, Ohio. And now I close a connection of about a year and a half with *The Pennsylvania Freeman*, to become '*re*-annexed' to *The Standard*. Having thus occupied the four 'cardinal points' of Anti-Slavery observation (to say nothing of other removals from place to place at various times), my friends might well be pardoned if they should regard me as a 'wandering star,' and begin to think it time that I had found my appropriate niche, and learned 'to be therewith content.' And really the latter suggestion *would* seem, on the whole, to be entitled to my gravest consideration; and, as my Anti-Slavery associates appear to be all united in the belief that New York is *just the place for me*, I am induced to hope they will not call me away for some time to come—certainly not until my more distant friends shall have the opportunity to learn my whereabouts.

But I do not reproach myself with fickleness or discontent in view of these frequent removals. It is not for the soldier in a moral any more than in a physical conflict arbitrarily to choose the post at which he will serve; still less may he refuse to remove from one point to another as the exigencies of the battle may require. True, the soldier on the moral battle-field is not subject to the iron sway of a dictator, nor obliged to leave an old position for a new one, except for reasons that convince his own judgment; but he *is* sacredly bound to hold the interests of the cause he professes to serve paramount, under all circumstances, to merely personal considerations. If in my endeavours to cherish this spirit of self-abnegation, I have been frequently required to change my residence and to deprive myself of the conveniences and comforts of a settled home, I do not see that the fact requires any apology. Instead of regarding it as a calamity, let me rather rejoice that I have had the privilege, in various places and under circumstances well adapted to facilitate the study of human nature, of rendering some service, however humble, to those whose only home is the gloomy Bastile of American Slavery!

During my connection with the *Freeman* I have suffered not a little from ill health, and consequently have been unable to do for it much of that which my mind had planned and my heart desired to accomplish. But I have done what I could, and this its readers have more than appreciated. A few weeks in the country, under the genial influences of the opening Spring, with rest from mental toil and plenty of exercise in the open air, will, I hope, recruit my over-taxed energies and prepare me to approach the duties of my new position (about the middle of May) with renewed courage and vigour.

There is little need that I should add anything to what the Executive Committee have so well said of my successor. His talents and his fidelity are acknowledged by all who know him, while his experience as an editor and his love of Anti-Slavery principles qualify him to make the *Freeman* eminently serviceable to the cause. I trust, therefore, that the Abolitionists of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware will rally with new zeal to its support, and that they will encourage both the Editor and the Executive Committee by their constant and hearty co-operation.

Our Anti-Slavery presses, both local and national, are all needed, and must be sustained. There is no occasion for any but the most friendly rivalry between them. The interest of one is the interest of all. A vigorous support of the local papers will help the *Standard*, while the wide circulation of the latter cannot fail to open new channels of influence to the former. I trust, therefore, that the readers of the *Freeman* will not attribute it to personal feeling or interest on my part if I express the earnest hope that they will lend a helping hand in the effort to enlarge the usefulness of the National Society, and to increase the circulation of its organ. While this will be the special object of my labours in the new field to which I have been invited, I shall still cherish a heart-felt interest in the State Societies, and do all in my power to give new vigour to their movements.

To my brethren of the editorial profession, whose friendly courtesies I have had so many occasions to acknowledge, I scarcely need offer a parting word, since I hope, through another channel, speedily to renew my intercourse with them. There is not one among them all toward whom I cherish an unfriendly feeling; and if, in the heat of discussion, I have ever treated any of them with injustice or discourtesy, I can only ask them to forgive as they expect to be forgiven

And now, dear readers and friends! thanking you for the many tokens of friendly regard which I have received at your hands, and which I can never forget, and hoping that you may 'endure to the end,' I bid you an affectionate, a regretful, but at the same time a hopeful farewell!

Oliver Johnson.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* Sydney Howard Gay, *New-York.*

††† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* Francis Jackson, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* Sydney Howard Gay, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1853.

NINETEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of The American Anti-Slavery Society will be held in the city of NEW YORK, at the CHINESE ASSEMBLY ROOM, No. 539 Broadway, on Wednesday, May 11th, 1853, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The Business Meetings of the Society will be held in the large Committee Room of the same building, on the Afternoon of Wednesday, May 11th, and on Thursday. It is very desirable that large delegations from all parts of the country shall be in attendance, not only at the public Anniversary, but at these subsequent private meetings for the transaction of important business in relation to proposed operations of the Society for the ensuing year.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, President.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, S. H. GAY, } Secretaries.

MRS. STOWE'S VISIT TO ENGLAND.

It has been entertaining, and not unedifying, to watch the expressions of the feelings of true Americans, at home and abroad, excited by the announcement of Mrs. Stowe's projected visit to England. Never before has so simple a circumstance aroused so general an interest and so strong a sensation. The shrieks of the suffering patriots in foreign parts, which are borne across the Ocean on the Sibylline leaves of the Own Correspondents of Newspapers, are truly heart-rending. They seem to feel that they are already tormented before their time, and that the added agony which the bodily presence of Mrs. Stowe may bring with it, may make them, like certain antitypes of theirs in Judea of old, to rush down a steep place into the sea. And the editors at home take up the chorus of despair and waft their sighs from the Atlantic to the Pacific. But there seems to be no help for it. Mrs. Stowe has a right to cross the Ocean at her own charges; and if she choose to do so at the risk of disturbing the Compromises and destroying the Glorious Union, why there is no power to hinder her. And if the Earls of Carlisle and Shaftesbury, not having the fear of the Universal Yankee Nation before their eyes, see fit to give her the right hand of Fellowship at Liverpool, and the Duchess of Sutherland to place Stafford House at her disposal, we may rend our hair and gnash our teeth, or give one of our *niggers a la rupping* extraordinary, by way of relief to our agonies, but it is hard to see what it is that we can do about it. These culprits are all beyond the reach of the Judiciary, Regular and Extraordinary; of Chief Justice Taney and Judge Lynch, and we must even possess our souls in patience or, at least, to solace ourselves with such recrimination as comes to hand:

> "To unpack our hearts with words,
> And fall a cursing like a very drab,
> A Scullion!"

No one, watching these signs of the times, can doubt that Mrs. Stowe's visit to England may, and we doubt not will, be productive of great good. What the enemy desire not to be done, is pretty sure to be the very best thing to do. The Americans are the vainest and the most sensitive of created men and women. They are not proud, or they would not care what was said about them or their institutions. But the thing they most earnestly long for is the good opinion and the good word of the people among whom they happen to be. And when this happens to be a foreign nation (and above all others, England), they are all the more desirous of standing well in their eyes. So it is no wonder that our patriotic citizens abroad, who have been almost driven frantic by the universal attention which Mrs. Stowe's Book has attracted to the Skeleton they have in their house, should fear lest their punishment should be greater than they can bear when Mrs. Stowe herself appears to revive it and make it ten times more acute. And what is felt and said on the other side of the Atlantic is soon responded to on this. There is a perpetual Sub-Marine, or Super-Marine, Telegraph at work which never fails in conveying thought and feeling from them to us. Mrs. Stowe's Visit will arouse anew the interest which her Romance of Real Life originally created throughout all Europe, and will act with fresh force on the Galvanic Battery of Americans in Europe and convey the power thus generated to the other end of the Apparatus here in America. Her visit could hardly be so mismanaged as not to produce beneficial results to the Anti-Slavery Cause; and we are happy to believe that she has every disposition to make it in the highest degree available to the best interests of the Slave.

No doubt, there may be narrow-minded or malicious persons in Great Britain who would wish to make her the tool of their sectarian bigotry, which they would promote under the mask of Anti-Slavery zeal. Religionists, who can declaim against American Slavery in England or Scotland, and yet who fall into the first pitfall dug for them by their pro-Slavery brethren, should they visit this country, and who could not even keep themselves from running into the net laid in their very sight, at home, in the Evangelical Alliance. It is very likely that men who account themselves too holy to go to the help of those that have fallen among thieves and are robbed and wounded and left half-dead, if per chance a Samaritan, with whom they have no dealings, have first gone to the rescue, it is very possible that such men may have hoped to find an ally in the daughter, wife and sister of eminent Congregational ministers, who would assist them in aiming poisoned shafts at the most devoted and faithful of the slave's friends. But we are confident that they will find themselves mistaken. We feel assured that she will lend herself to no party or sect; but will use her great influence only for the legitimate purposes of a direct agitation against Slavery itself. And this, even if she were not likely to be removed at once out of the sphere of those whose delight it has been for years to attack American Abolitionists, rather than American Slavery. We think that the closer investigation of Slavery in all its bearings, on Church as well as State, into which she has been led by the denials of the truthfulness of her statements, and which was necessary to the preparation of her forthcoming Key, has given her clearer and juster views of the true nature of the Movement, of its necessities and the character of those that have taken part in it, than she would have been likely to have attained, under her former circumstances. And we have all faith in the truthful clear-sightedness with which she will endeavour to represent it aright.

Mrs. Stowe goes abroad not as the agent or member of any Society. We should have been most happy, to be sure, to have sent her forth as an accredited missionary of the American Anti-Slavery Society—believing, as we do, that that is the most effectual Anti-Slavery instrumentality in existence. But we have no right to ask her to become one of us or to act as our representative. She has chosen her own field of labour, and her own implements of husbandry, and we wish her God-speed and hope she may reap an abundant harvest of Anti-Slavery usefulness. All that we ask of her, and which we are sure we shall have, is *justice*—a truthful account of our position, principles and measures, whenever they come in question. The American A. S. Society claims to be, for itself and its auxiliaries, the only organization in America which is devoted solely and exclusively to the Abolition of American Slavery, by the Regeneration of the American Heart and Mind, which applies, without regard to personal interests, or to political or ecclesiastical predilections, the only true Anti-Slavery test, to all institutions and individuals. It endeavours to look at all persons and practices as an intelligent and well-informed Slave would regard them, and to judge of them accordingly. It rejects no one from its Communion. Christian and infidel, Jew and Gentile, bond and free, men of all sects and parties, and men of none, are welcome to unite with it in its assault on the common enemy of the human race. It has no Test, but hatred of Slavery; no Creed, but Immediate Emancipation. But while it excludes no one from its fellowship for opinion's sake, it endorses the opinions of no one of its members. To their own Master they all stand or fall, as to their faiths and lives; to the Slave and to the common Master of Bond and Free they stand or fall, as ministers of the Gospel of Freedom. Of the true character of the American Abolitionists we believe Mrs. Stowe to be informed, as well as of the slanderous character of the lying charges which have been laid to their charge. We are satisfied that we shall have justice at her hands. And justice is all we ask.

Mrs. Stowe has before her a career such as has been seldom, perhaps never, vouchsafed to any one. She commences her campaign against Slavery with the most extraordinary triumph the history of the world affords. Appearing precisely at the moment when the heart of Europe and America had been prepared, by years of obscure and persevering labour, to listen to the tale of the Slave's Wrongs, she sets them forth in a Narrative adorned by a various genius and informed by a large humanity. It was, indeed,

> "Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest,"

that she gave to the world, and the world acknowledged the sternness of the Truth and the magic of the Fiction, by a homage, universal and sincere, such as had never been rendered to a Work of Art. But it was not the Genius alone, it was not merely the Art, that secured to her this unparalleled success. It was the Theme—the picture of Human Nature chained down by fiendish laws and diabolical prescription into the condition of a "beast that lacks discourse of reason," that drew tears from all eyes and made every heart throb with indignant horror. The power of Mrs. Stowe, as the enchantress that has worked these wonders, for good is almost incalculable. Slavery is only to be reached by the Public Opinion of the World—mainly, of the Public Opinion of the European World acting upon the United States. She has done greatly in attracting the gaze of that World to Slavery, and unveiling its horrors before it. Her task is now an easy and simple one—to maintain the interest she has called forth, until it crystallizes into principle—until what is now passionate emotion may be reduced into patient and abiding labour. We believe she is well resolved to work according to her strength and her day, and have faith that her European visit may be a most beneficent event to the Slave, and through him, to those that are desolate and oppressed, everywhere.—E. Q.

A lively Correspondent of the *Boston Commonwealth* ('G. W. B.'), on his way South, repeats a conversation between some fellow-travellers and himself, in the cars. On the road from New York to Philadelphia, he says:

By my side sat a lean, stuttering Yankee, who has lived at the South long enough to learn the arguments used in defence of Slavery. I informed him that I intended to visit some of the slave plantations before I returned. "Do," said he. "I am an Eastern man, I came from Salem with just such notions as you have. My mother and sister live there now, and their heads are full of 'niggers.' You will find that the slaves are well fed, well clad, and the happiest creatures at the South." "They ought to be the happiest, for they are the least guilty," said I. "Slavery," he continued, "is a curse. I approve of abolition in the abstract, but I hate fanaticism. If the northern fanatics had minded their own business, several slave States would have been free by this time. But your Free Soilers and Garrisonians rivet the chains tighter and tighter every year. Why, we were sending the 'niggers' to Africa by the acre before you made such a fuss at the North."

"Indeed," I ventured to suggest, "then you perpetuate an evil against yourselves and your slaves, to show how spiteful and stubborn you can be."

"It is not an evil to the slave. 'Tis your free 'nigger' who is lazy and lousy, and without his good times. When you see a black happy, you may be sure he is a slave. But we should be glad to get rid of our 'niggers,' for they eat more than they earn."

"Why, then, do you not give them their liberty?"

"I know a fellow that told his boy he might be free," was the response, "and he actually cried to remain a slave. The truth is, the best 'niggers' don't want to be free. We want to get rid of them, and many a master would give his slaves to any one who would agree to take care of them. We cannot afford to support them after giving them their freedom. Free 'niggers' don't earn their salt. No—it is not our fault they are in servitude."

"If you are so anxious to get rid of them," I quietly remarked, "why do you prevent their running away, and enact laws to keep them on your plantation? Why do you hire human dogs at the North to hunt them for you?" "Oh, there are not many that want to go. Sometimes I visit plantations, and scare the wenches, just for fun, by telling them I will buy their babies and send them to Canada. And will you believe it?—they take on to kill, and hide the little darkes away from me."

Such was the sum and substance of the dialogue I had with that fine, chivalrous, magnanimous Southerner. When we changed cars at Baltimore, it was my fate or fortune to be seated by the side of another man of the same kidney, from Alexandria. I told him I had never yet seen a slave at work. "Oh," said he, "you may see lots of them about the fields here, working, whistling, and singing—the happiest creatures out of doors."

"Do they get plenty to eat?" I inquired.

"Yes, they get their allowance of meat, fish, corn, and potatoes."

"If their master does not give them enough, is there any law to compel him to supply their wants."

"No—because what one master would think sufficient, another might think was too much. Each must judge for himself, as he would in feeding his horse. Besides, it is for his interest to feed them well, or they will steal."

"No one can blame the slave for stealing to satisfy the cravings of hunger," I remarked.

"They will steal, any how. If they have enough for themselves they will give their stealings to the free niggers, who will starve before they will work."

"Are they religious?" I inquired, a short time afterwards. "Yes; you ought to see them clap their hands, and hear them shout." "Do their lives accord with their professions?" I further inquired. "Oh, yes—some of them are good, well-behaved Christians, and can get trusted for anything."

"When I visit a plantation to see for myself how the slaves work and are treated, will the master suspect me?" I asked. "If you say nothing against Slavery, and do not speak to the slaves, he will not."

With such inconsistencies, he adds, the conversation proceeded; and one can hardly travel on any of the great Northern thoroughfares, by Railroad or Steamboat, without provoking, if one pleases, or overhearing much of such talk upon the question of Slavery. It was our misfortune to sit, not many weeks ago, in the cars, and hear two such gabbling Northerners as that described in the above extract—one of whom had resided at, and was then returning to, the South, and was enlightening his companion upon the blessings and benefits of the slave system. We did not listen to the conversation, but could not help occasionally overhearing enough to understand its purport, and to judge of the sentiments and principles of those engaged in it. No. 1 was sure the slaves were well treated, well fed, and well clothed, and, in proof of it, alleged that the peck of corn a week was the usual allowance. He did not believe they were whipped much; and if they were not, and did get their weekly peck, and one cotton and one woolsey suit of clothes yearly, he could not conceive what more the Abolitionists wanted. No doubt he was quite sincere, and had no higher notion of the true welfare of his fellow-creatures than what his back and belly taught him. His companion asked what they would do with Garrison if they caught him at the South. "Oh! hang him!" he said, and they both chuckled egregiously, as if that would be a joke they should enjoy most intensely. And this led him to speak of the vigilance which is exercised in South Carolina in regard to all Northerners, and we gathered that he had been the subject of it, and had been, in various places, put through a vigorous course of cross-examination, which neither he nor his companion spoke of as a thing to be indignant or surprised at, or as a fact whence any deduction could be drawn unfavourable to the system that made it necessary. They were both filled with that reverence and admiration of everything Southern which unaccountably possesses the majority of Northern people, and which it is so difficult to shake. But the untravelled one of these two companions had, we thought, his allegiance a little tried when he asked how the news of Webster's death—he mentioned the date (which, Heaven forgive us! we have already forgotten) as a Cavalier might that of the martyrdom of Charles I.—was received at the South, and was told, in reply, "that they didn't mind it." But we doubt if even this made him waver more than a passing moment.

However, if the Anti-Slavery traveller hears much that may move his disgust and indignation in these conversations in public conveyances, the fact that he can go nowhere and not hear the subject of Slavery discussed is certainly encouraging.

The Maine Law in Florida.—The people of Florida have secured a prohibitory liquor law without making much noise about it, which we have not seen noticed. It is the Maine Law—with a difference. Perhaps it may be cited as another excellent feature in the Southern system of government that it admits of Class legislation. The Act, which we copy from a Florida paper, is as follows:

AN ACT amendatory of the several Acts now in force in this State in relation to trading with Negroes.

Section 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Florida in General Assembly convened*, That it shall not be lawful for any person by himself,

MISS GREENFIELD'S CONCERT.

We are indebted, for the following interesting account of Miss Greenfield's Concert, last week, at Metropolitan Hall, to a friend, whose musical taste and freedom from prejudice render him capable of giving an impartial and fitting judgment upon her performance. He gives her, it will be seen, due credit for the excellencies she does possess, while he is not blind to, or silent upon, her deficiencies:

Miss Greenfield gave a concert last evening in Metropolitan Hall—from the same stage, and in the same glare of gas light, as did Jenny Lind, and Parodi, and Sontag, and Alboni.

It was a bold attempt, for several reasons. She was self-taught. She had never enjoyed the advantages of instruction by the great masters of the musical art in Italy, and Germany, and Paris. She could not announce herself as the pupil of any celebrated and world-famous teacher. She had not sung in all the capitals of Europe, and had not passed the ordeal of a severe and exacting criticism. She had no *initiative*. But there was a greater difficulty than that—she is not white! That is to say, she is not white on the *surface*. You will now agree with me, that it required no ordinary courage for her to attempt to please the same audience that had been charmed by Jenny Lind and Madame Sontag. Artists have an extreme sensitiveness to their reputation. In music, especially, criticism is very personal and precise. It mentions names broadly, and examines each note, down to the minutest shadows of sound. Literally, it throttles its victim. It takes him by the throat, and dissects his organs of speech; applies a stethescope to his lungs, and a Procrustean measurement to the general conduct of the person.

Miss Greenfield had her reputation at stake. She had all this to undergo, and at such disadvantage as no other debutante has been exposed to. She could not command a Maretzek, or a Carl Eckert, for her orchestra. She had no Paul Julien's or Badiali's to volunteer their aid—no Barnum to manage and humbug for her. And one thing more, as it regards her opportunities of improvement. Being of an outcast and despised race, she has never enjoyed the privilege even of listening to our great singers. She was, therefore, unacquainted with what had most pleased the public taste, and what it now required before it would consent to be pleased. You must picture Miss Greenfield, the daughter of a despised and enslaved race, herself a slave from whose limbs the chains have only just dropped, in a room by herself—shut out from the benefit of all instruction, and from all contact with those who might give her any useful hints in the prosecution of her studies; and thus pursuing, year after year, with the enthusiasm of a true lover of art, the ideal of her own imagination; and knowing, too, that, no matter what degree of excellence she might attain, there was the killing prejudice against colour ever in her path!

I have no knowledge of Miss Greenfield, excepting of two or three main points of her history—that she became free by her mistress turning Quaker, and that her love of music was quickened into activity under the shadow of that broad-brimmed and music-hating sect—that she has since patiently and perseveringly improved her powers by self-teaching, and that she is now on her way to Europe to become a pupil of the masters of the art, in Italy. What I say of her, therefore, is voluntary, and not in the least prompted by any desire to surround her with factitious interest. On the contrary, I would prefer to have her not over-estimated, as well as not prematurely judged. Give her a chance not inferior to that which her more favoured sisters have enjoyed, and let her encounter the same severe criticism.

Miss Greenfield is of medium stature, stout and rather dumpy, perhaps thirty years of age, of a dark mulatto complexion, and agreeable features, expressive of inward consciousness of some real genius. At least I judge so, from the imperfect observation afforded in the Concert Room. After the overture and one solo, she came out of a side door, led by the hand, by a young gentleman of the favoured complexion, at which there might have been a slight *titter*; but every other noise was drowned in the spontaneous applause that always awaits a new debutante, or an old favourite. The hall was well filled by over two thousand persons, but not crowded.

I relate to you my own impressions and feelings without assuming the part of a critical reporter. She advanced with a slow and timid step, expressive, as I thought, of the "natural language" (as Phrenologists would call it) of the historical position of her race; and seemed rather disposed to stop at the side of the stage, until her conductor pointed to the centre of it, where she took her place, and cast her eyes complacently over the audience. There were some slight manifestations of "Rynderism," as evidently not a few persons came there prepared for what they called "fun." I thought she was a woman of *spirit*, evidently.

The first sound of her voice was agreeable, not disappointing—surprising! She possessed unquestionable power, though her skill was by no means extraordinary. Some of her notes were very sweet and clear. She showed great power and compass—the audience were pleased, amazed, gratified, overcome! For there were those who hoped for her success, those who were entirely incredulous, and those who would have hooted, if they dare. She was interrupted by applause, and at the end of the first piece, there was a genuine spontaneous uproar of clapping and stamping. There had been some little whistling before her appearance, but that was overcome. After retiring, she was called out, and gracefully courtsied her acknowledgements to the house. Among her songs of the evening, was "Sweet Home," which was well appreciated by the audience.

Miss Greenfield's manner is not good. She is too tame and timid. That, perhaps, is natural and easily accounted for, but she must, and doubtless will, correct it by the advice of good teachers. She has, notwithstanding, achieved a great victory. She has demonstrated in her race, genius, and capacity, and high merit in art. She ascends the same platform with Lind, and Sontag, and Alboni, and in her person so does her whole race. Ten years ago she would have been considered a prodigy. Ten years hence, when she shall have profitted by the instructions of good masters, her name may not unworthily be wreathed with that of Malibran and the most popular of her compeers.

I regretted to see at the foot of the handbill an announcement that coloured persons would not be admitted to the Hall. She had not her own way in that, it is said. Let this game be played also! The time may come when a black orchestra shall command the public ear. In the cultivation of Art, we shall cease to recognise colour. Perhaps we shall see the whites forced over into a black audience; For one, I shall wait with expectation and hope, the return of Miss Greenfield from her European school, and trust that she will get rid, long before that, of the ridiculous sobriquet, "Black Swan."

A well deserved compliment is due to Mr. Bristow, the leader of Miss Greenfield's orchestra, and to his associate performers, who were independent enough of the popular prejudice to assist her on the occasion of her first appearance before a New York audience.

You observe, perhaps, that the waiters of our hotels have "struck" for higher wages. They had a large meeting, and the only speech well noticed was that of a black man, which was received with deafening applause. The impudent fellow talking about their "white brethren," too!

INCENDIARY AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.—Our countrymen abroad have been encountering 'Uncle Tom' wherever they went, for a year past, in Europe, and have naturally been dreadfully bothered and bored by curious questionings as to American Democracy. From Mrs. Stowe's 'Uncle Tom' the enquirers are turning, it seems, to the original Uncle Tom and his great Cabin which roofs in one half of the Republic, for information, and as it is easy to be had, the unfortunate travelers are likely to be pestered more than ever. The Paris correspondent of the *Tribune* ['C. R. B.'] describes the strait in which he sees his countrymen:

I have already made my complaint of the troubles brought on Americans here by that "incendiary" book of Mrs. Stowe's especially of the difficulty we have in making the French understand our institutions. But there was one partially satisfactory way of answering their questions, by saying that Uncle Tom's Cabin was a romance. And this would have served pretty well, and spared our blushes for the model Republic, if the slaveholders themselves would only withhold their testimony to the truth of what we were willing to let pass as fiction. But they are worse than Mrs. Stowe herself, and their writings are getting to be quoted here quite extensively. The *Moniteur*, of to-day, and another widely circulated journal that lies on my table, both contain extracts from those extremely incendiary periodicals, *The National Intelligencer*, of February 11, and *The N. O. Picayune* of February 17. The first gives an auctioneer's advertisement of the sale of "a negro boy of eighteen years, a negro girl aged sixteen, three horses, saddles, bridles, wheelbarrows," &c. Then follows an account of the sale which reads very much like the description in the dramatic fuelitons here, of a famous scene in the "Case de l'Oncle Tom" as played at the Ambigu Comique. The second extract is the advertisement of "our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. M. C. Goff," who "presents his respects to the inhabitants of Ouachetta and the neighbouring parishes, and informs them that he keeps a fine pack of dogs trained to catch negroes," &c.

It is painful to think that there are men in our country who will write, and that there are others found to publish, such tales as these about our peculiar institution. I put it to Mr. Goff, if he thinks it is patriotic? As a "fellow-citizen," and in his private relations, Goff may be an estimable man, for aught I know, a Christian and a Scholar, and an ornament to the social circles of Ouachetta and the neighbouring parishes. But as an author, Goff becomes public property, and a fair theme for criticism; and in that capacity, I say Goff is publishing the shame of his country. I call him Goff, without the prefatory Mister, not from any personal disrespect, much as I am grieved at his course as a writer, but because he is now breveted for immortality, and goes down to posterity, like other immortals, without titular prefix. Goff is in the *Moniteur Universel* for Thursday, March 17, 1853, on the first part of the fourth column, page second—where he and the citizens of Ouachetta and the neighbouring parishes, may consider themselves and their fame fixed, embalmed, enrolled, or pilloried, as they choose to take it, for all time.

☞ THE *Syracuse Standard* publishes the following excellent letter from Rev. Samuel J. May, in answer to an invitation to participate in celebrating the feast of St. Patrick. The suggestion to canonize Father Mathew is a very good one so far as Temperance is concerned; but we hope if the Irish look about for a new saint, they will fix upon one who will no more endure abroad than at home slave-catchers and such like vipers.

Syracuse, March 17, 1853.

Messrs. Dennis McCarthy and others,*

GENTLEMEN—I am much obliged to you for your invitation to the proposed celebration of St. Patrick's Day. I should be very happy to express, by excepting your invitation, my kind regards for that portion of my fellow-citizens, who have come directly, or by descent from Ireland.

But I see so much poverty, wretchedness and crime, following from the use of intoxicating drinks, that I abhor the sight and smell of them; and cannot consent to give my countenance to them—no, not for an hour—except it may be in the chamber of sickness, under the direction of a discreet physician.

If any people on earth need these artificial stimulants less than others, it seems to me they are the Irish. Our Creator seems to have bestowed upon that branch of his human family, a large share of *animal* spirits—of buoyancy and light-heartedness. I know not what else has sustained them under the load of accumulated wrongs, which they have been compelled to suffer.

In a country like ours, with such spirits as they have, nothing can prevent them from obtaining at once the comforts of life, and rising in due time to affluence and honour, *if they will let ardent spirits alone.* But the use of intoxicating drink perpetuates their shiftlessness, excites them to quarrelling, to disturbances of the peace and violation of right, wholly foreign to their natural kindliness and good humour.

If the celebration this evening was to be without wine, or any kind of ardent spirits, it would give me pleasure to attend it—but I cannot willingly subject myself to the pain and the shame of seeing men (for a momentary gratification) swallowing that which I know may commence in them, or perpetuate an indulgence that leads to poverty, woe and crime.

Would to God, that the Irishmen of Syracuse would to night instal *Father Mathew* as their Patron Saint, and forever after live in accordance with his principles.

Very Respectfully, SAMUEL J. MAY.

* Mayor.

"THE BLACK SWAN."—The concert of Miss Greenfield, to which we alluded last week, was given, as announced, in Metropolitan Hall, to a large and respectable audience. Her performances are variously noticed in the daily papers, but all of any respectability seem to agree that, though possessed of great powers, she lacks cultivation. It is her own sense of this, we take it, which prompts her to go to Europe

There were some apprehensions of a riot, and a strong police force was present in the neighbourhood of the Hall to quell any disturbance that might arise. Happily there was no trouble, the good public seeming disposed rather to take it as a joke that a black woman could, would, or should sing, rather than as a dangerous example to be put down at once.

The fact that coloured people were not admitted to the Concert, led to the following correspondence. We do not learn, however, that the arrangements referred to have been made:

NEW YORK, March 30, 1853.

MISS ELIZABETH GREENFIELD: The undersigned profoundly regret that themselves and their numerous coloured friends in the city are denied the privilege of attending your concert at Metropolitan Hall, to-morrow evening.

That they may not be left with the present painful impression, they hereby respectfully request, if consistent with your engagement, you will be so kind as to repeat your concert on Monday evening, the 4th of April, at the Broadway Tabernacle. Should you decline further benefit for yourself, we would suggest that the proceeds, after paying expenses, be divided between the Home for Aged Coloured Persons and the Coloured Orphan Asylum

J. W. C. PENNINGTON,
Pastor of Prince street Presbyterian Church.
CHARLES B. RAY,
Pastor of Bethesda Congregational Church, Wooster st.
J. P. CAMPBELL,
Pastor of the A. M. E. Church, Second street, N. Y.
HENRY M. WILSON,
Pastor of Emmanuel Presbyterian Church, College Place, near Blecker street, city of New York.
DEMPSEY KENNEDY,
Pastor of Zion Methodist Episcopal Church.
SAMPSON WHITE,
Pastor of Zion Baptist Church.

P. S. We enter into this arrangement with the distinct understanding that the concert, if repeated, will be public, and that no one shall be excluded who complies with the terms.

NEW YORK, March 31, 1853.

GENTLEMEN—I received your kind letter inviting me to sing at a concert previous to my visit to Europe, at which the coloured people of this city might have an opportunity of hearing me sing. I regret that you have been debarred from attending the concert to be given at the Metropolitan Hall, this evening; but it was expressly stated in the agreement for the use of the hall, that such should be the case. I will with pleasure sing for the benefit of any charity that will elevate the condition of my coloured brethren, as soon as the necessary arrangements shall be completed for the same, which must necessarily be arranged for an early day, as I shall take my departure for Europe on the 6th proximo. With sincere respect.

(Signed) ELIZABETH GREENFIELD.

To Revs J. W. C. Pennington, Charles B. Ray, J. P. Campbell, Henry M. Wilson, Dempsey Kennedy and Sampson White.

NEW YORK has been, within the last ten days, almost as much excited as if a Presidential nomination were pending, by the reports from Washington, as to the nominations to U. S. offices in this City. The following is the list as sent into, and confirmed by, the Senate:

Offices.	*Appointees.*	*Sort of Shill.*
Collector	Daniel S. Dickinson	Hard.
Sub-Treasurer	John A. Dix	Soft.
District Attorney	Charles O'Connor	Hard.
Marshal	Abraham T. Hillyer	Hard.
Naval Officer	Heman J. Redfield	Soft.
Navy Agent	Conrad Swackhamer	Hard.
Surveyor	John Cochrane	Soft.
Post Master	Isaac V. Fowler,	Soft.

Of course the 'ticket' is the result of management, much trickery, a good deal of swearing, no little knavery, and great sacrifices of honour—if that is possible—and of interests of one sort and another, but is, no doubt, to somebody's great advantage, beside that of the nominees and the party. Rynders, Stanton, and the gang of lesser lights, Hunkers and Barnburners, will probably come in for their share of the plunder in the distribution of the minor offices. Stanton, perhaps, will be made a Commissioner, under the Fugitive Slave Act.

MRS. STOWE.—It is said that Mrs. Stowe had received, before her departure, no other intimation than that contained in the public prints that Stafford House was to be thrown open for her reception in London. It seems probable, therefore, that the report of the intention of the Duchess of Sutherland was incorrect.

SANTA ANNA.—Late Havana papers announce the arrival in that city, on board an English steamer, of Gen. Santa Anna, on his way to Mexico, where he has been recalled to preside anew over the destinies of that distracted Republic. The old Chief has, at least, one excellent qualification as President of Mexico—an intense and unappeasible hatred of the United States.

LETTER TO SAMUEL GURNEY OF ENGLAND.

MUCH ESTEEMED FRIEND: Allow me to use this term, though personally a total stranger, as thy well known works of Beneficence and Philanthropy can but produce feelings of esteem and friendship in every humane heart. Feeling a wish to offer a few thoughts for thy consideration, and being ignorant of thy place of abode, I take the liberty to address thee through the *Standard* (it its editor will grant me that favour), in the hope that some friend will be so kind as to forward it to thee, if thou art not a subscriber.

I saw it stated recently in the *Non-Slaveholder* that thou, with others, remonstrated with the Earl of Shaftesbury, on account of the address to the women of America, which recommended a *Gradual* Emancipation, instead of what thou thought justice demanded, immediate freedom for the bondman.

On the same day that I received the *Non-Slaveholder* containing the above notice, I read the proceedings of the Annual Meeting of the American Colonisation Society; and in its list of officers for the current year, I saw the name of "Samuel Gurney, Esq, of England," as one of the Vice Presidents.

I could but ask if thou wast willing to let thy name stand in such a position—if, while protesting against a recognition of the rightfulness of gradualism by the signers of the address, thou couldst consent to the use of thy name as an officer of a Society which has invariably thrown the whole weight of its influence against *immediate* emancipation, and perhaps I may say against freedom for the slave in any form, present or prospective. The Colonisationist assumes that the slave is an African, belonging to a different race from us, and that the two races cannot exist together in the same community, without the one being virtually the slave of the other; and consequently it is worse than idle to talk of manumitting the bondman unless he is removed to Africa or some other country. The Colonisation Society has been in operation about thirty-five years, and has removed some seven thousand persons to Africa. Meanwhile, the increase of slaves in the United States has been about two million. The Society boasts that 1852 has been a year of great and unexampled success in their cause, and yet they succeeded in expatriating only 666 of our coloured brethren and sisters, a number far short of the increase of slaves for a single week. Bear in mind that the Colonisationist is constantly teaching us that the slave is "better off there than the free negro who remains in this country, for he has a master to protect him and provide for him, while the free man lacks this care and protection; and being the object of the white man's scorn, aversion and hatred, in consequence of that prejudice against colour," which even "Christianity cannot overcome," he occupies an anomalous position, having neither the social privileges of the freeman, nor the ease and quiet of the slave, and is in many respects worse off than either. If, then, the slaves must wear their chains till Colonisation shall have removed the five hundred thousand free blacks in the United States before they (the slaves) can commence their exodus from the Egypt of Bondage, their emancipation must be very *gradual* indeed. But I insist that the Colonisation Society, so far from aiming at the freedom of the slave, cherished and avowed as one of its favourite objects in its commencement, the strengthening and support of the "fetter and the thong." At a meeting in the city of Washington in 1816, held to organize the American Colonisation Society, John Randolph and Henry Clay took a conspicuous part. The former, in his speech, concluded by saying: "He had thought it necessary to make these remarks, being a slaveholder himself, to show that, so far from being connected with the abolition of Slavery, the measure proposed" (Colonisation) "would prove one of the greatest SECURITIES to enable the master to keep in possession his own property." Henry Clay, on the same occasion, said: "It was proper again and again to repeat that it was far from the intention of the Society to affect in any manner the tenure by which a certain species of property is held." What did he mean by a certain "species of property?" He meant men, women and children, rational, immortal beings, whom he had the Heaven-daring audacity to class with horses and mules, and pigs and cattle, as property. He went on to say: "He was himself a slaveholder, and he considered that kind of property as inviolable as any other in the country."

Such were the sentiments introduced and avowed by the leading spirits in the Colonisation movement. What were the objects of that movement? Listen to the *African Repository*, the organ of the Society. "The execution of the scheme will augment, instead of diminishing the value of the *property*"—human bodies and souls—"left behind." "The tendency of the scheme and one of its objects is to secure the slaveholders and the whole Southern country against certain evil consequences, growing out of the present three-fold mixture of our population." "The slaves would be greatly benefitted by the *removal of the free blacks*, who now corrupt them and render them discontented."

The slave sees his brother of his own colour receiving wages for his labour, and enjoying his own wife and children, unsevered by the rude blow of the auctioneer's hammer, and why should not such a sight "corrupt him and make him discontented?" But here is another extract from the same organ: "Colonisation, to be correct, must be beyond the seas. . . Emancipation with the liberty to remain on this side of the Atlantic, is but an act of dreamy madness. . . Let the Atlantic billow heave its high and everlasting barrier between their country and ours." This extract leads me to refer to another pretext often urged in support of Colonisation: "It is designed to benefit Africa. It is designed and urged onward for the purpose of civilising and christianizing that dark land."

The language above quoted demonstrates that its object was not to benefit Africa, but to benefit the slaveholder by enabling him to grasp his victim the more securely. For the proof of this may be found in the language used by the newly organized Society at the time to which I have referred, in their memorial to Congress for aid to remove the free blacks to "Africa or elsewhere." The elsewhere exhibits the true *animus* of the movement. It says we are not particular where you go, if you go only far enough away to cease making our slaves discontented.

I might bring a great amount more of extracts from the accredited authorities of Colonisation to sustain the position I assume, but space forbids. It is often claimed by Colonisationists especially in *Northern Latitude*, that the scheme is purely a benevolent one; that its sole object is to improve and bless the coloured man. If this were the case, if the advocates of that scheme had so deep and ardent an attachment for the black man as to make all these efforts and sacrifices in his behalf, it seems to me the object of that sympathy would not have been so slow in finding out his friends. That friendship would ere now have been repaid by the attachment and confidence of the coloured race. But such is not the fact. The Colonisationist is the last source to which the coloured American would look for friendship, aid and encouragement in his hour of peril or of need. It is true he often seeks and finds friends, but who are they? A Garrison, a Phillips, a Giddings, a Gerrit Smith, a Jay, a Tappan, a Beriah Green, or a James Mott, men who practically recognise the great truth that "God hath made of one blood all nations," and who evince their brotherly love by brotherly kindness, instead of saying, "Stand aside, I am whiter than thou;" and not only "stand aside," but stand so far aside that the "ocean billows may heave their everlasting barriers between thee and me." Colonisation is the deadly foe of the coloured man in this country. Its constant tendency is to thwart his wishes, and crush his hopes, and destroy his nobler aspirations. It is constantly telling him he can never be *anything here*. And it is doing all in its power to make good its words. But it cannot fully succeed. Tell me if such men as Frederick Douglass, Robert Purvis, Dr. J. M'Cune Smith, Professor William G. Allen, H. H. Garnet, and J. W. C. Pennington, men of eminent eloquence, learning and ability, some of them men of wealth, most of them of professional distinction, tell me if these men, and scores of others, scarcely their inferiors are not anything? Colonisation, under the guise of sending away the coloured man "with his own consent," is seeking to drive him out, by such cruel and oppressive measures as shall force him to consent. Witness the atrocious and shameful acts of the Governments of Illinois, Indiana, and other States, depriving the coloured man of his inalienable rights, in spite of justice, reason, and of the National Constitution. Shall I be told that the Colonisation Society is not responsible for these things? I think it is. That Society and its movements and policy now exert a vast influence over the leading politicians, and both the great parties in the country. And National Politics have much to do in influencing State Legislators.

Chief Justice Marshall, a prominent Southern statesman, some years since shadowed forth the policy which Northern Serviles are now pursuing. He says, "It would be desirable if such direction could be given to State Legislation as might have some tendency to *incline people of colour to emigrate.*" That is, take such a course to incline them to emigrate as the old lady took with the frog, which she found in her teakettle. Unable to coax him to come out, she built a rousing fire under the kettle, exclaiming, "I'll make you willing to come out."

But this is not all the evidence we have that the Colonisation Society wishes to "make the coloured man *willing* to go." The Secretary of that Society, in a letter written some months since, urged the passage of "Stanley's Bill," and in the recent Annual Report of the Society that bill is spoken of as "one of the most important measures now before the country for the advancement of Colonisation." And what is that bill? A bill introduced in Congress by a Carolina Slaveholder, directing the distribution among the States, annually, the interest of a permanent fund, which interest will amount to nearly half a million dollars annually. This money is to be appropriated to "Colonising to Liberia the free people of colour residing in such States respectively." The horrid phrase, "with their own consent," is left out, and well it might be, for in this case the guise would be quite too thin to deceive the most casual observer. No State is to receive a farthing of this money unless it is appropriated to Colonisation, while a free coloured person pollutes its soil; but "when said States shall have removed all such free persons of colour residing in their respective borders, as hereinbefore mentioned, *then* the balance of money to which they are entitled shall be appropriated by said States to the education of the poor, &c., as to such States shall seem right and proper." Here the wolf's ears are most distinctly seen under the sheep's clothing, in which Colonisation so often delights to envelope itself. This measure says to the managers of State Legislation, devise any means you please to make the black man *consent* to leave your State, and when you have got rid of them, you shall have an ample fund to use, as "to you shall seem right and proper."

And when we know how convenient a thing a "surplus fund" is to corrupt politicians and venal statesmen, we may safely calculate they will not be slow in devising means to heat the tea-kettle for the poor coloured man. It is said that "politics makes strange bedfellows." May it not be so said in looking over the list of officers for the American Colonisation Society?

I see there the names of proud Southrons, men who hold, buy and sell their scores and hundreds of men, women and children. I see there the names of such men as Duncan and Henderson, and McGeehee, of Mississippi, Collier, of Alabama, and Lumpkin, of Georgia, and Conrad, of Louisiana, and Stanton, of Tennessee. I see there the name of Bishop Meade, of Virginia, the man who has prepared sermons for the slaves, in which he tells them it is their duty to "do all service for their masters and mistresses, as if they did it for God himself," and that their "masters and mistresses are God's overseers, and if they are faulty towards them, God will punish them severely in the next world."

Strange, indeed, does it seem to see in such a catalogue the name of Samuel Gurney, the earnest advocate, not merely of emancipation, but of immediate emancipation. I see in the same paper that Millard Fillmore, by the payment of one thousand dollars, has been made a Life Director of the Colonisation Society; and in his letter of acceptance of that station he avows his "decided approval of the objects of the Society." Can Samuel Gurney give countenance to an association formed for the express purpose of affecting the condition of the coloured people in this land, while its objects are such as to meet the "decided approval" of the man who *made* the Fugitive Slave Law, by affixing to it his signature, without which it could not have become a law—a law which has sent terror and dismay into the homes and hearts of thousands of inoffensive and virtuous people—a law which has trampled on every principle of justice, equity and right—a law which has disgraced America and shocked the civilized world; and yet a law which Millard Fillmore has made greater efforts to enforce than any or all other enactments on the Statue Book?

Samuel Gurney, the noble and effective advocate of Peace, stands as an officer of a Society whose last annual report notes the payment from its Treasury of thousands of dollars, for the direct and avowed purpose of carrying on war—war against the poor native Africans, whom Colonisationists profess to be anxious to teach the peaceful and benign religion of Christ. The friends of the scheme profess, too, a great desire to stop the African Slave Trade. What are we to think of their sincerity, when we see them unblushingly sustaining a slave trade, not in Africans, but in Americans—a domestic slave trade, no less inhuman, cruel and revolting than the foreign; when, in fact, we see them, through the Fugitive Slave Law, turning every foot of our national domain into a Guinea coast on which to hunt the shrieking, panting victims.

I have thus hastily and incoherently thrown together a few reasons why I was pained to see thy name standing where I found it. I hope these random thoughts may serve to draw thy attention and lead thee carefully to investigate the matter, and see whether thy position as a member of the Society of Friends, as an advocate of peace, and of the universal brotherhood of all mankind, and as an earnest labourer for the immediate and unconditional emancipation of the slave, does not require a public and explicit denial of the use of thy name by the American Colonisation Society, as an earnest protester against the cruel and wicked schemes of that Society.

I am, very truly, thy sincere friend, W. S.

3d. mo., 29th. 1853.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Chambersburgh* (Pa.) *Whig*, writing from Fulton Co., says that in the neighbourhood of Sideling Hill there is a certain religious sect, calling themselves the Christian Church. A lady, one of the members, was taken sick, and lay for some, until she finally imagined herself bewitched, and a sister in the church was settled upon as the witch. A meeting of the session was called in due season, at which the minister presided, and the charge of witchcraft was formally preferred against the lady. Being a new case, and, we presume, not provided for in the discipline, the session was puzzled as to the proper manner to proceed in the case. At length it was proposed that she should be asked to step over a broomstick, as it had been said that a witch could not do so; but the accused got over it without any apparent difficulty. After a consultation, it was then agreed that she should be tried in a pair of scales with a Bible to balance her, and if she was a witch the Bible would be too heavy for her. Accordingly she was taken to a mill, and the experiment tried, but she proved too heavy for the Bible. It was then intimated that probably her clothing prevented a fair test, and half a bushel of corn was put on the scales with the Bible, to balance the clothing; but still the lady was too heavy, and the charge was formally dismissed.

Miscellaneous News.

THE Vermont Liquor Law provides, among other things, for the arrest of a person found intoxicated, and his detention until he will disclose where he obtained the liquor.

IT is stated that the various expeditions that have been fitted out within the last five years for the discovery of Sir John Franklin have cost an aggregate of £750,466. Nearly eight years have elapsed without tidings from the missing voyagers.

THE Savannah *News* is credibly informed that a company of twelve women and girls in Taylor County, near the line of the Muscogee Railroad, in that State, are felling the largest pines in the forest, sawing them into blocks, and riving and drawing shingles for market.

To the item in the Civil and Diplomatic bill, providing for setting out the public grounds in Washington with trees, is this condition: "That no more ailanthus trees shall be purchased or planted in the public grounds."

UNCLE SOL.—We are informed, says *The Sandy Hill* (Washington Co.) *Herald*, that an extensive publishing house in this State has offered Northrup, the kidnapped slave, recently returned to that village, $5,000 for the copyright of his book, which is now being prepared by a member of the bar of that County.

An American lady has been arrested at Heidelberg, who came direct from the United States, for having a number of pamphlets, declared by the police to be of a revolutionary character. Another lady (a German) who had emigrated to America as Miss Hitzfield, and returned on a visit to her friends, had been taken into custody on the allegation of having expressed sympathy for the assassin who attempted the Emperor's life, and she still remains in prison.

GOV. UJHAZY.—Gov. Ujhazy, the Hungarian refugee and leader of the Hungarian settlement at New Buda, has sold out his land, and leaves in the spring for Texas, where he has bought some hundreds of acres. The Hungarians who remain in Iowa have elected Joseph Majthenyi, formerly member and secretary of the Upper House of Hungary, their chairman, in place of Ujhazy.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE *Alton* (Ill.) *Courier* proves by actual statistics that the negro population in Southern Illinois is decreasing. Drawing a line through the centre of Sangamon County and taking all of the counties south of that line, it is proved by a comparison of the census of 1845 with that of 1850, that while in some counties there has been an increase of this class of inhabitants, in others constituting a majority, there has been a large decrease amounting in the aggregate to 124. The whole negro population in this part of the State is said to be 640. *The Courier* argues from this that all alarm about the increase of free negroes is unfounded.

AN exchange says: The anthracite coal in that part of the Broad Mountain called the "Fiery Mountains," near Schuylkill Haven, Pa., has been on fire for the last fifteen years. From this fact, it is now considered dangerous to travel over the mountain, as it is supposed that in many places the surface is a mere superficial crust or shell, the coal having been consumed up to the surface, and hence the least pressure thereon, it is presumed, might break through and let the adventurer down into the fiery valley below. At the base of the mountain, in one place, a stream of water almost boiling hot comes out. The surface of the mountain presents a desolate appearance as far as the eye can reach. The mountain is either cracked, burned or broken into enormous and fearful depths by the approach of the fires to the upper stratum; roots and trunks of the lofty trees are charred and blackened, mingling their pyroligneous odour with the sulphurous vapours from the hot caves and crevices around.

FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE.—The St. Louis *Republican* publishes the following despatch, dated at Alton, Ill., the 17th ult.:

"Considerable excitement was caused this evening among the coloured population, by the announcement of another attempt to carry off on the steamer Cornelia a fugitive, without a trial, under the fugitive slave law. The effort was prevented by the proper officers, and trial was held this evening before Levi Davis, Esq., U. S. Commissioner. A large crowd was in attendance, patiently awaiting the decision. The facts, as near as we can learn, are as follows:

"The slave girl, Amanda, was brought to this city, about a year ago, from Tennessee, near Memphis, by a son of her master, and by the son set free, without the consent of his father. The father has since died, and the ownership of the slave has been purchased by the present claimants, who bring proof that the son then was under age.

"After a very minute examination, Commissioner Davis decided in favour of the claimants.

"Considerable sympathy was manifested for the slave girl, and an effort will be made to purchase her.

"The whole passed off very peacefully and creditably."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Tribune*, writing from Toronto, relates two incidents which have recently transpired there illustrative of the influence of the American Institution:

"A most extraordinary circumstance took place a short time ago, in the way of trading in human flesh by parties in Canada. A man named Smith, residing in the township of Trafalgar, entered into a speculation of this nature with two young negroes. The agreement was that they should go South; that Smith should dispose of his partners in the speculation in the slave market; they relying on the ability to escape from the servitude with which they were to allow themselves to be fraudulently sold; after which the booty was to be the common plunder of the three strange conspirators. This arrangement was no sham; for the journey was undertaken and the sale actually made; but the escape has yet to be heard of. Probably the acting partner, who has returned to Canada with the cash in his hand, is not anxious to see the arrival of the two missing claimants to share in the ill-acquired booty; but the mother of the lads, who are brothers, is greatly concerned about her sons, and refuses to be comforted, believing they are not. A kindred case of baser hue has come to light. A free negro recently came here to take a wife of his own colour. The girl's father was reputed to possess, and does possess, considerable property. He gave the daughter in marriage, but, like a prudent man, kept his cash. This did not suit the matrimonial speculator—for such the fellow proved to be—and he resolved to make something out of the match. Will it be believed, he took his bride to the slave shambles, sold her, and, putting the proceeds into his pocket, went along his scoundrel way. The father has left this city in search of a daughter whom he regards as of inestimable value."

PREJUDICE AGAINST COLOUR.—The English people begin to find that the Canadians have caught from us the contagion of negro-phobia, and that the refugees from Slavery have not escaped the evils which negroes experience in our Northern States. The matter is undergoing discussion in the English papers. To show that the evil exists, an extract is published from a petition to the Governor of Canada, from the Council of the Western District, against allowing a grant of land for the negroes. Among other things, the Council say:

We can assure your Excellence that any such statement is false—that there is but one feeling, and that is of disgust and hatred that they (the negroes) should be allowed to settle in any township where there is a white settlement. Our language is strong; but when we look at the expressions used at a late meeting, held by the coloured people of Toronto, openly avowing the propriety of amalgamation, and stating that it must, will, and shall continue, we cannot avoid so doing.

The negroes, who form at least one-third of the inhabitants of the town of Colchester, attended the township meeting, for the election of parish and township officers, and insisted upon their right to vote, which was denied them by every individual white man at the meeting; the consequence of which was, that the Chairman of the meeting was prosecuted and thrown into heavy costs, which costs were paid by subscription from white inhabitants. In the same township of Colchester, as well as in many others, the inhabitants have not been able to get schools in many school sections, in consequence of the negroes insisting on their right of sending their children to such schools. No white man will even act with them in any public capacity; this fact is so glaring that no sheriff in this province would dare to summons coloured men to do jury duty. That such things have been done in other parts of the British dominions, we are well aware, but we are convinced that the Canadians will never tolerate such conduct.

MORE SLAVEHOLDING INIQUITY.—The Washington correspondent of the *Ashtabula Sentinel* (Hon. J. R. Giddings), writing from the capitol, on the 4th ult., tells the following additional instance of the domination of the slave power:

"I think it was on Friday last that an effort was made to suspend the rules of the House, in order to take up the private claim of Benjamin Hazard Wigg, of S. Carolina, whose grandfather, in 1780, lost ninety-six slaves. This claim, from its extraordinary character, is destined to figure somewhat in the political history of our times, and individuals who came forward to distinguish themselves by sustaining it are justly entitled to all the honour or disgrace attending such an act; but I cannot now go into a description of it. The motion failed, however, at that time. * * * *

"On Wednesday, every member appeared to feel the danger of losing the appropriation bills for want of time to pass them. The *Intelligencer* came out with a long article, purporting to be written by a lady, in favour of the Wigg claim before alluded to, and the older members foresaw that that bill was to pass. In the course of the day, the motion was made to suspend the rules of the House, and all other business, both private and public, in order to take up this claim. A herald passed around among the members, informing them that the motion was about to be made. This was to give the doughfaces an opportunity to *vamose* before the question was put, and you will see, by looking at the yeas and nays, that they took the alarm. The yeas and nays on suspending the rules and all other business were called, and the names of men were recorded for the motion who, in coming time, will regret the stain they have thus brought upon their own characters by such disgraceful servility. But the bill passed, and your readers are constrained to pay for slaves who left their masters in South Carolina seventy years since, while thousands of Northern men lost their all, by furnishing the army with supplies, and taking their pay in Continental funds. The nation repudiates its just claims, but pays for slaves."

Receipts for the Standard.

From March 1st, to April 1st, 1853.

714	A. C. Wright, Denmark, N. Y.	2 00
668	Peter Quick, Havana, N. Y.	1 00
678	F. K. Nichols, New York City,	1 92
742	Daniel Ricketson, New Bedford, Mass.	2 00
669	Charles Squier, Lockport, N. Y.	2 00
624	John Augustus, Boston, Mass.	4 00
692	Rev. Theodore Parker, Boston, Mass.	1 00
706	Sidney Smith, Borodino, N. Y.	2 00
722	James Walker, Peacedale, N. Y.	2 00
676	Owen Hurd, Clinton, Conn.	1 00
666	John S. Swift, Boston, Mass.	2 31
703	Hon. David Joy, Northampton, Mass.	2 00
705	Rev. Rufus Ellis, " "	2 00
690	Mrs. Samuel May, Boston, Mass.	2 00
708	Samuel Lundy, Waterloo, N. Y.	2 00
686	J. Berry, Leicester, Mass.	1 00
		30 07

DONATIONS.

	John B. Estlin, Bristol, England	25 00
	Mrs. Sarah B. Shaw	50 00
	Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society	3,160 00
	Charles F. Beach, East Otto, N. Y. (by A. H. Foster).	10 00
		3,245 00

Deaths.

FILLMORE.—At Washington, D. C., on the 29th of March, Mrs. Fillmore, wife of Ex-President Fillmore.

CASS.—At Detroit, Michigan, on the 31st of March, Mrs. Cass, wife of Senator Cass.

RIVES.—At Washington, D. C., March 31st, Mary Ann Rives, wife of John C. Rives, Esq., editor of the *Globe*, in her 43d year.

NEW BOOKS,
Of Rare Interest and Value,

JUST PUBLISHED BY

**JOHN P. JEWETT

Miscellaneous Department.

FORTY FAMOUS ARM-CHAIRS.

Here follow some notes upon the French Academy, with its forty famous *fauteuils*, or arm-chairs, the gift of the Grand Monarque. The original chairs ceased to be used after the transference of the sittings of the Association from the Louvre to the Palace of the Institute; but the order of them is still religiously preserved, and the honour of a seat in the Academy is to this day accounted great. At this day in France there are some things called great that are particularly little. What our neighbours regard as a new and gorgeous throne may be but rickety old lumber; nevertheless, we think the arm-chairs of the French Academy to be thrones in their way better than lumber, representing powers that deserve the honour of a little history.

The first literary society in France which took sittings in Paris was founded in 1570, by John Anthony Bayfius, a writer of Latin verses, and a son or nephew of the once celebrated Lazarus Bayfius, a learned, turbulent, and unfortunate scholar. The academy of Bayfius, which appears to have been intended quite as much for the encouragement of music as of literature, was duly registered, after considerable opposition, by the parliament of a famous King, that is to say, Charles the Ninth—author of St. Bartholomew, a tragedy—and it enjoyed the protection both of that sovereign and of his successor. But those times were so noisy that learning was impossible, and the academy of Bayfius broke up, after an existence of twenty-five years, expiring with its founder. An attempt to revive it in 1612, made by one Daniel Revauet, author of a book called "A Plan for a New Academy, and for its introduction at Court," met with no success. Peter Ronard, the poet, Desportes, and the elder Du Perron, were the most distinguished members of the academy of Bayfius; of which the sittings were held in a mean building, not very long since demolished, in the Rue des Fossés St. Victor.

The founder of the present French Academy was Valentine Conrart, secretary to Louis the Thirteenth, and an indefatigable writer of manuscripts, none of which, we believe, have ever been committed to press. At the house of this gentleman, in the years 1630 and 1631, Godeau Gombauld, Giry Habert, Serisay de Malleville, Chapelaine, author of La Pucelle, and other men of genius or men of letters, were in the habit of assembling once or twice a week for the discussion of literary subjects, and the advancement of new works. Their sense of their own importance was acute; for these gentlemen, of course without any charter, dubbed their party in a *parlour* sometimes "The Academy of Wit and Eloquence," and sometimes "The Eminent Academy." Faret, a friend of Malleville, was introduced at Conrart's house in 1633, and he in his turn obtained the addmission of Desmarets and the Abbé Bois-Robert: the latter a well-known hanger-on and flatterer to Richelieu. The Abbé took an opportunity of mentioning the new Society to his great patron, who was graciously pleased, in the following year, to offer to the members his protection—a gift well worth having—and to obtain letters for their formal incorporation into a public body. Serisay de Malleville, and another or two, opposed the proposition; but the great majority of the associates, Conrart included, were very glad to accept Richelieu's offer; and Bois Robert was formally authorized to inform his patron, "That the Society very humbly thanked him for the great honour which he had done it, in taking it under his protection, and though they should not of themselves have ventured to entertain so lofty an ambition as being incorporated by a charter, and were mightily surprised at his Eminence's condescension, the members were willing to submit themselves in all matters to his guidance."

An active mind was now at work on their behalf; and the gentlemen proceeded, at the Cardinal's suggestion, to draw up a complete code of regulations by one of which they professed, after the modern fashion of Academies, to receive only a limited number: they would have only forty members. They then also adopted the new title, at once modest and ambitious, of "The French Academy." In a preliminary discourse—the composition, it is believed, of de Malleville—the great object of the new Academy's existence is laid down, and its necessity is strongly urged. "Nothing is wanting," says the orator, "to the felicity of the French people, but that their language should be rescued from out of the number of barbarous tongues. Nearer to perfection already, with all is numerous faults, than any other living language, French may be made to take the place of Latin, as the Latin took the place of Greek, if only proper pains be spent upon it. It shall be the object of the new Academicians to purge out of it those impurities with which it has become polluted in the mouths of the common people and the hangers-on about the Court, by quibbling writers, and in the pulpits of dull priests, who make the very Gospel ludicrous by the barbarous phraseology in which they preach it."

The Letters Patent of the Academy were signed on the second of January, 1635, and the Chancellor, Peter Séguier, when he affixed his seal to the charter, paid the Academy the compliment of desiring to be entered on its list of members. Montmart, Master of Requests du Chastelet, and Bautru, Counsellor of State—the former a man still honourably remembered in French literature, and the latter a well-known wit and buffoon in the train of Anne of Austria—together with Servien, the King's secretary, followed the lead of the Chancellor. Soon afterwards the great Cardinal sanctioned the statutes; but of course cancelled one of them, by which the members bound themselves and their successors "to reverence the virtue and blessed memory of his Eminence." One formality, however, was still wanting. It was requisite for the complete constitution of the Society that it should be registered by the parliament of Paris; and at this stage, as had been the case with the Academy of Bayfius, great difficulty was experienced. It was not until after a delay of two years and a half, during which time three thunder-and-lightning-letters had been written by the King to the recalcitrant councellors, and a world of menaces set moving by the Cardinal, that the consent of parliament could be obtained. When given, it was exceedingly ungracious, and it was expressly stipulated that the Academicians should add to their statues one more article, by which they bound themselves to take cognizance of no other matters than the embellishing and enriching the French language, and to sit in judgment upon no books save such as were written by their own members, or by authors who should willingly submit themselves to Academic discipline.

The Academy at length having been fairly launched, its first step was to nominate a director and a chancellor—both for short periods only — and a secretary, who was to retain office for life. The latter appointment was, of course, unanimously conferred upon the hospitable and industrious founder of the feast of reason, Conrart, who continued to hold it upwards of forty years. A smart fire of jokes formed the salute of Paris to the new association. The better to maintain the visible respectability of the members, many of whom were in very needy circumstances, each of them was endowed by Richelieu with an annual pension of about eighty guineas. It was found out, in an hour lucky to all dealers in sarcasm, that the salaries of the Academicians were defrayed out of a fund of forty times eighty guineas that had been created to pay the expense of scavengers' work in the streets of Paris. Some of the first acts of the Academy were indeed very little calculated to inspire the public with respect. The "Cid," a tragedy by the immortal Corneille, which the author had submitted to its decision, was unscrupulously condemned; Chapelaine, a rival playwright whom the world has forgotten, being appointed, at Richelieu's instigation, to draw up an unfavourable report.

Mazarine, the successor of Richelieu, patron more to art than literture, took but little interest in the Academy. But the distinguished favour of Louis the Fourteenth made ample amends, a few years later, for the coldness of his early ministry. Moved by the statement of the Cardinal D'Estrées, who was old and infirm, that his seat as an ordinary member was exceedingly uncomfortable, and that instead of attending to the business of the sittings, "his mind was distracted with envy of the luxurious *fauteuil* of the President," His Majesty was pleased to present the Society with forty soft arm-chairs, "in consideration of the hardness of their benches;" and having thus provided for the bodily accommodation of the members, he attended also to their mental comfort, and endowed them with six hundred volumes, the foundation of the present magnificent library of the Institute.

The reign of Louis the Fourteenth was the golden age of the Academy. "Then," says the delighted de Chambre, "was it indeed a glorious and triumphant body; it was clothed with the scarlet of cardinals and the purple of chancellors; it was protected by the most puissant sovereign upon the face of the earth; rooms were thronged with princes and senators, ministers, peers and councillors of state, who, divesting themselves of their proper splendour, would agreeably lose themselves in an infinite crowd of excellent authors without precedence or distinction."

Such prosperity unluckily conduced to various abuses. Literary merit in a candidate became a secondary qualification, and the interest of any powerful person sufficed in itself to obtain the title of Academician for himself or his nominee. A few examples of this meanness on the part of the Academy can be cited. On the death of Montmor, in 1679, one Lavan—librarian indeed at the Louvre but not the less a notoriously ignorant person—demanded, and obtained a chair in the Academy, as a reward for his services in successfully negotiating the marriage of one of Colbert's daughters with the Duke de Montemart. In 1685 died the great Peter Corneille. The young Duke of Maine, a lad of fourteen, to the wants peculiar to juvenility added a want to be an Academician. He communicated his wish to Racine, who called a meeting of his colleagues and proposed the nomination of the gracious boy. These worthy gentlemen not only unanimously voted the young duke's admission to the chair vacated by Corneille, but authorised Racine to inform his Highness, "that even if there had not been a vacancy at the time, there was not one of their number who would not have cheerfully resigned his place for the express purpose of creating one." Louis the Fourteenth—placed by his own rank above the necessity of suft-hunting—refused to ratify the duke's election, and Thomas Corneille was then chosen to occupy his brother's chair. The chair vacant by the death of Tourcell, in 1714, was hastily offered to Desmarets, Comptreller of the Finances. "I know nothing myself of literature," was the reply of Desmarets, "but there is a clerk in my office who is fit for that sort of thing." This clerk was one Malet, the obscure author of a ridiculous ode. The Comptroller's recommendation was irresistable; Malet was elected and occupied one of the chairs for more than twenty years. To the credit of Marshal Saxe, it must be told that he declined an honour for which his education rendered him unfit: "they wants," the great commander said in a letter to one of his mistresses "it is his own grammar and spelling that we imitate—" they wants to putt me in the Cadmy; wich would soot me like a ring upon a catt." It was not, therefore, without reason some years afterwards, that Voltaire described the Academy as "a place intended for the reception of men of title and men in power; for prelates, soldiers, lawyers, doctors; and when they sometimes, by way of variety, condescended to admit a man of genius."

The republic of letters has been outraged, now and then, by the Academy in a way that is still more discreditable. In the present century alone, no less than fourteen members have been ejected from its body for political considerations; three of them having subsequently been restored to their position.

The practice imposed upon every new member, of pronouncing a pangeyrical harangue upon the memory of his predecessor, has contributed in no small degree to throw an air of ridicule over the proceedings of the Academy. This practice was first introduced by Oliver Patru, in the year 1640. Upon the death of De Porchères, an original member, Patru, who had been chosen to succeed him, discoursed so well upon the loss which the Academy had sustained, that his speech was established into a precedent in the case of all future elections. The rule so established has been very rarely set aside. Colbert was the first exception to it, and in later times, and for less complimentary reasons, it has been dispensed with in favour of Chateaubriand, Maret, and St. Jean d'Angely. It is related of the celebrated de la Rochefoucauld, that, despairing to be excused from delivering the usual encomiastic discourse, and conscious that his overwhelming nervousness would render him physically incapable of addressing the shortest speech to a public audience, he reluctantly forbore to become a candidate.

Louis François Richelieu, the fop and general, had neither the scruples of Saxe nor the diffidence of Rochefoucauld. Though one of the most illiterate men of his rank in France, he composed, and actually delivered an oration, of which a copy is still in existence, written with his own hand; a piece of orthography that would have astonished even Marshal Saxe. "It was quite evident," said one of his colleagues, "that Monsieur the Marshal had made it himself."

Another absurd introductory discourse was that delivered by the Abbé de Hardihon; who, having been appointed temporary secretary to the Academy during the illness of the regular functionary, had to reply in that capacity to the speech of a new member, Monsieur de Mayrau. The Abbé was really a man of learning, but lamentably deficient in the art of composition. Words such as never were heard before, and sentences of immeasurable length came thundering on the ears of the perplexed auditors; and the public was shortly afterwards amused by the appearance of a book from the pen of de Beauveau, entitled "A Treatise on a sentence two hundred words long, comprising very many new ones, in a late speech of the Abbé de Hardion."

Of Patru, a bold and honest man, whose excellent speech established the precedent of panegyric, it should be recorded, that on one occasion, when some titled dunce was on the point of being elected, he addressed his brethren in the following apologue: "An ancient Greek possessed a lyre that was attuned to the most perfect harmony. By accident, one of its chords was broken, and the Greek must needs replace it with a silver string. His vanity was fatal to his reputation, for the beauty of his music was destroyed." The fable, it is said, did wholesome service for the time; but, when it was no longer fresh, it could no longer excite lively emotion, and produce effect in an academy of Frenchmen.

The Abbé Tallemant having published a book containing some highflown notice of deceased Academicians, de Boze, on taking possession of his chair, in 1715, paid compliment to the Abbé's production, in accordance with a time-honoured class of blunders: "The admirable manner in which the eloquent author has depicted our losses inspires me," he said, "with the fervent desire that he may have many more opportunities to write about us." This reminds one of the heedless reply of Miss Chudley, afterwards Duchess of Kingston, to George the Second, who did her the honour of inquiring, upon her presentation at Court, "how she had enjoyed the sights of the metropolis?" "O wonderfully, sire; but there is one sight above all others that I have the greatest curiosity to behold." And what may that be?" asked the King. "A coronation may it please your Majesty."

The practice of panegyric which continues to this day in the Academy, so manifestly bad, has been protested against frequently. "The necessity," said Voltaire, "of making an harangue, the difficulty of finding anything to say, and the desire to appear a person of wit, make the most sensible speakers ridiculous. It has passed into a practice for every new member to assure his colleagues that his predecessor was a great man; that Chancellor Séguier was a great man; and that Cardinal Richelieu was a greater man still: to which Monsieur le Secretaire is in the habit of replying, that all this is exceedingly true; that the new Academician is on the high road to become a great man likewise; and that he, the secretary, ventures to hope that he is something in that way himself. Such speeches," he goes on to say, "remind one of the Barmecide's banquet, where the guests were in danger of dying with hunger all the time they were pretending to eat." De Mesme, himself an Academician, compares them to those solemn masses in which the priest, after absolving everybody present, ends by absolving himself. Piron, the sworn enemy of the Academy, informed the secretary, that against the time when he should one day or other be elected a member, he had already composed both his own speech and the secretary's reply. "I shall rise up," said Piron, "take off my hat to the assembly, and thank the members for the very great honour which they have been pleased to confer upon me: whereupon you, Mr. Secretary, will rise up, take off your hat to me, and say, 'Monsieur Piron, I beg you will not mention it. It is not worth the trouble of your thanks.'" Piron composed his own epitaph in derision of the Academy; it may be rendered thus:

"Here lies Piron; who was nobody; not even an Academician."

Another practice of the Academy, not less injudicious than panegyrical orations, is that of giving out subjects for literary compositions, and rewarding with prizes of money some of the competitors. Intrigue often presided over these adjudications; and even when the decision has been honest, the public, by a sort of fatality, most frequently preferred some unsuccessful essay. "I wrote," says Voltaire, "when I was eighteen years old, an ode upon a subject given by the Academy, and a very miserable ode too. Bad as it was, there could be no doubt that it was infinitely superior to the successful poem; which was written by the Abbé du Jarri, a man quite old enough to have left off writing nonsense; for he was at that time nearly seventy years of age. One of the Abbé's lines ran thus:

"'And from the freezing to the burning pole.'

I took the liberty of asking Monsieur de la Mothe—by whose voice it was commonly reported that the judgment of his colleagues had been mainly influenced—what he thought of the Abbé's geography! 'Young man,' said he, with an air of severity, 'we are a literary association, living at Paris, and cannot reasonably be expected to know anything about such very distant places as the poles. Besides, the Abbé is a friend of mine.' An ode by de Gacon was so intolerably bad, that the Academy, while they decreed it a prize sent a private message to the author, begging him to put the money into his pocket and say nothing about the matter."

The design of compiling a dictionary of the French language—the one great labour of the Academy—was taken into serious consideration so early as the year 1638. Two plans for its composition were submitted their colleagues by Vaugelas and Chapelaine. That of the author of La Pucelle was preferred, and Vaugelas was consoled by being appointed Secretary of Definitions, with an annual allowance of two thousand livres, in addition to his pension as an Academician.

The first thing done was to draw up a list of authors in prose and verse, whose writings should be considered as authorities in the choice and meaning of words. Amyot, the translator of Plutarch, Montaigne, of whom too little use was made, du Vair, Charron, Bertaud, Marion de la Gueule, Pibrac, d'Espeisses, Arnaud, Coeffeteau, d'Urfé, de Molieris, Noué, de Dammartin, de Refuge, d'Aubignier, Duplessis-Mornay, and the recently deceased Academicians Barden and du Chastelet, were among the undefiled fountains of prosé literature. In verse the authorities were Marot, St. Gelais, Ronsard, du Bellay, the "divine" du Bartas (a sort of compound of Sternhold and Blackmore), Garnier, des Lingendes, a famous preacher as well as poet, Motin, Touvaint, Montfuron, Theophile, Passerat, better known for his Latin than his French poetry, and St. Marthe, a celebrated scholar, with more learning than taste. Desportes, du Perron (the cardinal), and Malsherbe had the double honour of being selected as classics in both kinds of composition.

The work proceeded with exceeding slowness; commonly the fate of joint-stock literary productions, especially when all the contributions are gratuitous. The letter F in particular hung so long a time in hand, that Bois-Robert, then a very old man, exclaimed—

"Doubly a Nestor shall I be
If I survive the letter G."

The first edition of the Dictionary, after a gestation of fifty-six years, was introduced to the world in 1694. A second, very little altered and not at all improved, made its appearance in 1787. Since that time there were four other editions up to 1836, and a supplement has been recently published, as bulky as the dictionary itself, containing many thousand familiar and technical words and phrases, to which the puritans of the Academy had previously closed their pages.

The dictionary of the French academy, the work of forty men, has often been disadvantageously compared with Dr. Johnson's English dictionary—the work of one man. There is some force in the comparison, but not so much as would at first appear. The two labours were different. The French language, when the Academy was founded, had no settled form; between north, middle, and South France the difference of speech was so great that there existed no complete and consistent body of words whereof the French language might be said to have been composed. Redundancies, inconsistencies, and great varieties of spelling and pronunciation, were weeds that called for extirpation. The Academicians set themselves to work on this untidy mass. The first Academicians and makers of the dictionary affected a precision of speech, and fought for a rigid system of pronunciation with a zeal that exposed them to a thousand jokes. They, however, were the right men for the work they undertook. Language could not be dammed up; any obstructions would be broken down; but fit confinement of its course within one deep and fairly defined channel could lead only to good results. This purpose the Academicians, when they formed their dictionary, really did fulfil. The dictionary of the Academy converted French into a polished language, and was made only the more efficient for its purpose by the pedantry of its promoters. It is said to have been once a subject of debate whether the innocent adverb "car" should cease from that time forth to form a part of the French language. Fontenelle complains bitterly of this puritanical pedantry, and Ménage, in some clever Hudibrastic verses (which cost him the honour of a chair), introduces Nicot, of tobacco fame, Calepin, Onden, and Estrenne as humbly remonstrating with the Academicians on the exclusion of their favourite phrases. "It," says Diderot, "the gentlemen of the Academy had been a little more particular about their own definitions, and a great deal less so about the French language, it had been better in both ways for the public." Several of their definitions, and those perpetuated in very recent editions, are excessively absurd. We are told that the Academicians were once on the point of admitting the following definition of a lobster: "a little red fish that walks backwards." "Gentlemen," exclaimed Furetière, just as the secretary was about to record this lucid explication, "the definition is undoubtedly a very ingenious one; but it is open to three objections. In the first place, the little animal in question is not a fish; in the second place, it is only red when boiled; and in the third place, it walks straightforward, though it may not be at a very rapid rate." Without going through the entire series, we will note here and there the names of a few men who have been connected with the forty chairs of the Academy.

No. one was originally filled by Barden, who held it for only two years. The most celebrated of his successors was Cardinal de Fleury, the Minister of Peace, who was elected to it in 1717. Florian, the fabulist and biographer of Tell, a bold and eloquent writer—not famous for personal courage—was chosen in 1788, having been decorated a few days before, through the powerful patronage of the Duke of Penthièvre, with the then coveted Cross of St. Louis. His double honours were thus commemorated—

"Courageous pen, and coward sword—
Due fame to Florian see decreed—
The warlike cross his wit's reward;
The peaceful chair his valour's meed."

Penthièvre, the patron of Florian, gave so splendid a repast to the members on the day of his protégé's election, that he was afterwards known by the name of "Restaurateur to the French Academy."

No. two had du Chastelet for its original occupant. It is now filled by Mignet, the historian, elected in 1836.

No. four has been honoured by the occupancy of Racine and the elder Crebillon. Monsieur Scribe is their successor.

No. five is now the academic seat of M. Guizot.

In 1811 Chateaubriand was elected to No. six; and, lest he might perpetrate some eloquent "escapade" in honour of legitimacy, was excused from making the usual introductory oration.

No. seven has been occupied by Boileau.

No. eight has been voted to no person of any literary eminence. One Lormian-Balurd—a man who had neither birth nor brains to recommend him, and whose only title to such a distinction was his fanaticism for the Bourbons—was elected to this chair in 1815. The following doggrel lines commemorated the choice of the Academy—

"A man so stupid and absurd
As Monsieur Lormian-Balurd—
So stupid and absurd a man
As Monsieur Balurd-Lormian—
In fitting company to be,
Is named of the Academy."

The ninth chair was successively occupied by the brothers Corneille, and afterwards by Fenoeemagne and Chabanon. Of the latter, an excellent fiddler, it was commonly said that he was chosen to infuse a little harmony into the meetings of the Academy. Victor Hugo was elected to this chair in 1841.

Bougainville, the circumnavigator of the globe, was elected to number eleven in the year 1754.

Number twelve was the chair occupied by Voltaire.

The Duke de Montesquiou-Fesensac, a man of illustrious descent, of which he was ridiculously proud, was elected in 1784 to chair number thirteen. His claim to it was thus described—

"'Tis ruled a man a book should make
Before elected he can be,
So Montesquiou his place may take,
For he has writ his pedigree."

The Duke was so proud of his alleged descent from Clovis "that it was a lucky thing," said de Maurepas, "he had not taken into his head to lay claim to the crown of France."

The honest and courageous Malesherbes was elected, in 1774, to chair number fifteen. Monsieur Thiers has occupied it since the year 1833.

D'Alembert was chosen to number seventeen in 1754, and held it for the long period of thirty years.

Chair number eighteen, the seat of Fénelon, was subsequently occupied by the stupid, haughty, and vindictive Count de Clermont, of the blood-royal of France. Several anecdotes have descended to us of this man, all greatly to his disgrace. Lecourbe, a poet of the day, having written some verses on his election to the Academy beginning thus—

"Fat cousin of Louis
So lean your wit,
The chair still is vacant,
In which you sit."

he was so brutally beaten by the Count's servants, that he died of his injuries; "a lesson," said the offended Count, of which this sort of writing people stand in much need; that princes are not lampooned with impunity, and that cudgels hit at least as hard as couplets." Clermont made himself conspicuous at the time of his nomination (1754), by omitting in his introductory discourse all mention of Barbier d'Aucourt, his predecessor. "He had invariably made it a rule," he said, "never to utter anything in praise of Roturiers;" but the Academy, for once, was independent, and he was compelled by the general indignation to introduce into his speech, when printed, a few unmeaning compliments to the memory of his predecessor.

Cardinal Dubois, the reverend scamp of the Orleans regency, was chosen in 1722 to fill chair number nineteen. It has since been occupied by Casim Delavigne, the Alfieri of the French drama.

Fontenelle, the clever old glutton, and Benardin de St. Pierre, whom Napoleon pronounced to be "the greatest scoundrel in my empire," have sat in chair number twenty-two.

Perrault, author of "The Hives," and la Condamine have filled chair twenty-three. The latter, who was exceedingly deaf, at a supper which he gave to his brother Academicians on the evening of his election, produced the following verses:

"La Condamine this day to greet,
The Louvre's gates have opened wide,
With joyful mien he takes his seat
The Academic gods beside;
So hard of hearing, thanks to Fate,
No nonsense to his ears can come,
But when his colleagues hear him prate,
Instead of deaf, they'll wish him dumb."

La Bruyère, the sketcher of characters, was elected to number thirty-two. He was so little thought of, when nominated in 1693, that the following epigram was current in Paris:

"Fret not, good people, at the thought,
Bruyere has got the vacant chair,
Forty to make we need a naught,
And naught's the value of Bruyere."

Number thirty-six was the chair voted to Laharpe the grammarian; a man whose honesty has been accused, rightly or wrongly. Upon his election, among other epigrams, ran one not very complimentary to his associates—

"Laharpe—all other degradations past—
Lights on the Academic chair at last!"

His chair belongs now to Lamartine.

Conrart, the founder of the Academy, occupied chair number, thirty-eight.

The last in number of the Forty Arm-Chairs has been occupied in succession by the illustrious Cuvier, and the clever, time-serving Dupin.—*Dickens' Household Words.*

[From Beauchesne's Bourbon Prince.]

THE DAUPHIN'S DEATH.

The disease that was destroying the child, which was at first slow in its progress, began now to make more rapid strides. The prince bore up less and less against his increasing weakness. The fatal moment was approaching.

It was thought necessary to inform the government of the danger of the prince. His guardians wrote upon the register which was daily submitted to the authorities, '*The little Capet is unwell.*" No notice was taken of this statement. Next day it was thought necessary to repeat it with more emphasis, and consequently they wrote, "*The little Capet is dangerously ill.*" Still there was no attention given to it, and lastly, there was added to the "*dangerously,*" "*There are fears of his life.*"

On the 6th of May, 1795, M. Dessault, an eminent surgeon of Paris, was summoned by the government to attend the prisoner. On his arrival at the tower, he examined the prince for a long time, and very carefully. He could get no answer from him, and did nothing for the patient but order some simple remedies. M. Dessault did not express himself freely in regard to the prince's state before the officers in the tower, but afterward was less reserved. He did not hesitate to declare that he ought to have been sent for sooner. He was of opinion that the prince was affected, to a certain degree, with the same scrofulous disease that his brother had died of at Meudon; that the disease, however, had not made such progress as to be necessarily fatal: that none of the more severe symptoms had yet appeared. The true disease of which the child was prematurely dying was a wasting away, in consequence of confinement and grief. Dessault proposed that he should be immediately sent into the country, where, he hoped, with change of scene, fresh air, good treatment, and great care, he might revive.

The next day, about nine o'clock, Dessault repeated his visit to the prince. He did nothing more than on the previous day, with the exception of ordering some simple application for his tumours. As he was about leaving, Gomin asked him if he should not try and make him walk out. Dessault replied, "How is it possible, when every step he takes gives him intense pain? It is true, he wants air, but it should be the air of the country."

They had great difficulty in prevailing upon the little patient to take his medicine. On the first day his resolution could not be broken, notwithstanding that Gomin himself took, on two or three occasions, a full dose of the physic. He was at last induced, by repeated solicitations and entreaties, to take his medicine from Lasne, saying, as he did so, "You have sworn that I shall take it; then I will. Give it to me, I will take it." Ever afterward he received, without any objection, whatever was ordered him.

It was rumoured that, in the treaty entered into between the Vendeans and the victorious republic, a secret clause had been negotiated and ratified, to the effect that the young prince should be delivered up to the army and his friends of La Vendé. The committees eagerly denounced the report as calumnious. There was no intention of delivering up the royal prisoner. Other rumours were busily circulated. Among others, that the prince was to be crowned King of Poland. These stories were the subject of general talk everywhere; and it began even to be believed in Paris that the prince had escaped from prison. On one occasion, the commander of the military post of the Temple insisted upon seeing the little Capet. "The National Guard," said he, "guard the Temple, and I want to know who it is we guard." Lasne and Gomin had no orders, and therefore could not comply with his demand.

Ih spite of these rumours, which seated him as king on a throne in one place, and as the head of an army in another, the poor prince was in his prison, a sick child, whose life was fast ebbing away.

His weakness now became extreme. It gave him too much pain, and he was too feeble to walk. Lasne used to carry him out, however, upon the platform of the tower on every fine day.

On the battlement which flanked the platform, a hollow, like a basin, had been made by the constant dripping of the water for centuries. The sparrows used to come to drink, and bathe, and frolic in this basin, that was always filled with water. They had become very tame, and would allow the prince to approach them quite near. He got quite attached to them, and used to call them his birds. From the platform nothing could be seen but the sky. It can be conceived, then, what delight the prince took in the companionship of his constant little feathered friends, the sparrows.

His sister, the princess, seemed to have a forewarning of the approaching fate of her brother, and was uneasing in her inquiries of the guardians and officers about his health; but she could get, in return to her questions, nothing but vague answers, which served to increase her fears and anguish. M. Hue, the old attendant of Louis XVI., solicited permission to go to the aid of the young prince, but was denied.

M. Dessault found he could do nothing for the young prince. What was necessary, freedom of life and the pure air of heaven, refused. During M. Dessault's attendance for a fortnight, no benefit was received by the prince. His weakness and prostration increased. The child did not speak, but he expressed by his face and his gestures, catching M. Dessault by the coat, or grasping his hand, an overflowing gratitude for the constant care and gentle attentions of his good physician.

One day, as Dessault was going, the officer on duty remarked to him, "He is a dead child, is he not?" "I fear so," replied Dessault; "but there are some, perhaps, who hope so."

The commissary on duty on the 31st of May was a person by the name of Bellanger, who had been an artist. He brought with him his portfolio, and took pleasure in showing his sketches to the prince, who turned them over with evident marks of delight. "I would like, said Bellanger, "to add another sketch to my collection; but I will not do so, unless you like it." "What sketch?" asked the Dauphin. "Your face. It would give me great pleasure to take it, if you are willing." "Would give you great pleasure!" said the child, and he smiled, and gave, in his amiable manner, a silent consent.

Bellanger drew the profile of the young king with a lead-pencil; and it was from this portrait that, twenty years after, the bust of the prince was executed.

M. Dessault did not come any more; and, upon inquiry, it was found that he had died of typhus fever on the 1st of June. His sudden death had given rise to many rumours. By some it was said that he had poisoned the prince by means of a slow poison, and had afterward been poisoned himself by those who commanded the murder. The character of Dessault was such as to place him, in the opinion of those who knew him, beyond the suspicion of so dreadful a crime. Moreover, there was no medicine administered to the prince which was not first tasted by his guardians. On the other hand, it was rumoured that M. Dessault had not recognised in his young patient in the tower the royal prince, and that he was poisoned by the authorities in consequence of having declared that he would make known the fact. M. Dessault, however, who had been physician to the royal children, never doubted for a moment that his patient was the Dauphin.

In consequence of the death of Dessault, the Prince remained for six days without any medical attendant. His guardians were fearful of taking any step without orders. Finally, the Committee of Public Safety summoned M. Pelletan to continue the medical treatment of the young Capet. "I found him," says M. Pelletan, "in such a sad state, that I determined to ask at once for some one to consult with, as I was unwilling to take upon my head the whole responsibility." Sent for at the last moment, and finding his patient in a hopeless condition, M. Pelletan could do nothing for the Prince. He was now beyond the reach of his art. He did, however, what he could to relieve him. He insisted on the removal of all the locks and keys, and the free opening of the windows. "If you cannot," said M. Pelletan, in rather a loud and angry tone, "remove these locks, you can, at any rate, remove the child into another room." The Prince, aroused by the angry tone of the physician, made a sign to him to come to him. "Speak lower," said the child; "I am afraid they will hear you up stairs, and I would not like them to know I am ill; it would give them so much pain." The child was carried in the arms of Gomin, into another room, which was a well aired chamber, with a large window, with no iron bars, but with cheerful white curtains, through which the sky could be seen, and the rays of the sun pass. How great a change for the prince, who had been so long shut up in a dungeon! His expression was full of happiness and of gratitude. From eight o'clock at night to eight o'clock in the morning, the child was, as usual, left to himself.

On the morning of the 9th of June, Lasne was the first to reach his room. He applied the usual application to his wrist and knee, and gave him a spoonfull of his medicine, which he took readily. Lasne, thinking him better, lifted him out of bed. When Pelletan, the physician, arrived, he felt the Prince's pulse, and did not prescribe anything more; he merely said to the child, "Do you like this room?" "Oh, yes, very much," answered the child, in a feeble voice.

About two o'clock Gomin came up with the Prince's dinner. He was accompanied by the new Commissary for the day, a man by the name of Hébert. The child rose from his pillow, took a little soup, and then laid himself down again, as if fatigued by the effort, while now and then he would put out his little hand to take some cherries he had put upon his bed. The Citizen Hebert, addressing himself to Gomin, said, "where is your order for moving the young whelp? show it to me!" "We have no order but that of the physician; he will tell you himself to-morrow that it was necessary, and that he ordered it."—"How long is it since these *saw bones* have governed the Republic? You must get an order, you understand, from the Committee." When the child heard these harsh words, he dropped his cherries and covered up his hand.

On the next day M. Dumangin, another physician, came to the tower to consult with M. Pelletan, according to the request of the latter. They learned, on their arrival, that the little patient had had a fainting fit. They found him very weak, and evidently fast passing away. They could do nothing. They expressed their surprise and indignation that the sick child was left alone during the night. They were, however, told that it was in accordance with the strict orders of the Government. The physicians, immediately, in their bulletin, insisted upon their patient being supplied with a nurse. The physicians, ordering a little sugar and water for their patient, in case he should be thirsty and desire a drink, took their leave, having no hope for the young Prince. M. Pelletan thought the child would not live past the next day. M. Dumangin was of opinion that he would survive some days longer. It was agreed between them that on the next morning M. Pelletan should visit their patient at 9 o'clock, and M. Dumangin at 11.

In the evening, at supper-time, Gomin was agreeably surprised to find the Prince somewhat better; his complexion seemed more clear, his eye brighter, and his voice somewhat stronger. "Is it you?" asked the child, with an expression of pleasure, as soon as his guardian entered. "You don't suffer so much?" said Gomin. "Not so much," answered the prince. "It is," continued his guardian, "owing to this room; there is plenty of light and air here, and the physicians have been here and cheered you up." The child remained quiet for a moment, then a tear rolled down his cheek, and he sobbed out, "Always alone! my mother is kept in the other tower!"

Gomin answered; "Yes, it is true, you are alone; it is very sad; but you are better here than where you were." Gomin then informed him of one of the municipal officers, who had often been on duty in the tower, having been arrested and put in prison. "I am sorry," said the prince; "is it here that he is?" "No; at La Force." The prince, pausing for some time, then exclaimed, "I am sorry for him, for he is more miserable than we are; he deserves his misfortune."

At night, again, the sick child was, by the rules of the Temple, forced to remain all alone. Lasne again was the first to ascend in the morning to the young prince's quarters. Gomin was fearful of going first, lest he should find the child dead. The physicians arrived at the appointed time. The little patient was sitting up when Pelletan arrived. The visit was a short one. The prince, finding himself exhausted, soon asked to be put to bed again. Lasne thought him better, but the report of the physician undeceived him. Dumankin, the other doctor, arrived at 11 o'clock, and found the child in bed, and, though he was much exhausted, he exhibited toward his physician a great deal of gratitude and kind feeling; he was by no means disposed to complain or find fault. The joint bulletin of the two doctors, issued at 11 o'clock, reported the patient in a very dangerous condition.

M. Dumangin having left, Gomin took his place by the bedside of the Dauphin, but did not for a long time speak a word to him, for fear of wearying him. However, at last Gomin remarked, "How unhappy I am to see you suffering." "Console yourself," said the child, "I shall not always suffer so." Gomin, who was a man of strong devotional feeling, kneeled by the prince's bedside and prayed earnestly. The child took his guardian's hand and pressed it to his lips.

Gomin, observing the child calm, motionless, and silent, said to him, "I hope you are not suffering at present?" "Oh, yes, I am suffering, but much less; the music is so sweet!"

There was no music either in the tower or in the neighbourhood; no noise from without at this moment reached the chamber where the young prince was dying. Gomin, surprised, asked him, "Where do you hear the music?" "Above!" "How long since?" "Since you have been on your knees. Don't you hear it? Listen! listen!" And the child raised his feeble arm, and opened his large eyes lighted up with ecstacy. His poor guardian, not wishing to destroy this sweet and heavenly illusion, set himself to listen also with the pious desire of hearing what could not be heard.

After some moments of attention, the child started again, his eyes glistened, and he exclaimed in an inexpressible transport, "In the midst of all the voices I heard my mother's!"

This word mother seemed, as it fell from the orphan's lips, to remove all his pain. His contracted brows expanded, and his countenance brightened up with that ray of serenity which gives assurance of deliverance or victory. With his eye fixed upon a vision, his ear listening to the distant music of one of those concerts that human ear has never heard, there appeared to spring forth in his child's soul another existence.

An instant afterward, the brilliancy of his eye became extinguished, he crossed his arms upon his breast, and an expression of sinking showed itself upon his face.

Gomin observed him closely, and followed with an anxious eye every movement. His breathing was no longer painful; his eye alone seemed slowly to wander, looking from time to time toward the window. . . . Gomin asked him what it was he was looking at in that direction. The child looked at his guardian a moment, and although the question was repeated, he seemed not to understand it, and did not answer.

Lasne came up from below to relieve Gomin. The latter went out, his heart oppressed, but not more anxious than on the evening before, for he did not expect an immediate termination. Lasne took his seat near the bed; the Prince regarded him for a long time with a fixed and dreamy look. When he made a slight movement, Lasne asked him how he was, and if he wanted anything. The child said, "Do you think that my sister has heard the music? how happy it would have made her!" Lasne was unable to answer. The eager and penetrating look, full of anguish, of the dying child, darted toward the window. An exclamation of happiness escaped his lips; then, looking toward his guardian, he said, "I have one thing to tell you." . . . Lasne approached and took his hand; the little head of the prisoner fell upon his guardian's breast, who listened to him, but in vain. His last words had been spoken, Lasne put his hand upon the heart of the child: the heart of Louis XVII. had ceased to beat. It was a quarter past 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the 8th day of June, 1795.

"HAVE WE A BOURBON AMONG US?"

The last No. of *Putnam* contains the following denial from the Prince de Joinville of the statement of the Rev. Mr. Williams, who alleges that the Prince recognised him as the Dauphin of France and urged him to renounce his rights:

"Clermont, Surrey, Feb. 9, 1853.

"Sir: The Prince de Joinville has received the number of the Monthly Magazine, of New York, which you have kindly thought fit to transmit to him, and has read the article to which you have called his attention. His first thought was to treat with the indifference which it deserves the absurd invention on which this article is founded—but on reflecting that a little truth is there mixed with much falsehood, the Prince has deemed it right that I should, in his name, give a few lines in reply, to show the exact portion of truth there is in this mass of fables.

"You can make, sir, of this reply, the use which you think proper.

"It is very true that, in a voyage which he made to the United States, towards the end of the year 1841, the Prince finding himself at Mackinac, met on board the steamboat a passenger whose face he recognises in the portrait given in the Monthly Magazine, but whose name had entirely escaped his memory.

"This passenger seemed well informed concerning the history of North America during the last century